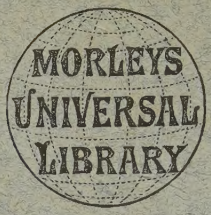
MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS
GOETHE'S FAUST.

MORLEY'S
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY.
3



MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS believe that there is in England a very large public demand for good books. They believe it to be large enough to justify the production of a uniform series of very cheap volumes, advancing, in course of time, towards the realization of a UNIVERSAL LIBRARY that shall contain all the best and most significant books in the world, of all times outside the time of Copyright, and of all countries, so far as such books can be found written in or rendered into English. The Publishers, wish to produce the best books at the cheapest rate—that is to say, in bound and well-printed volumes of 320 pages for a Shilling. The Editor to whom they have looked for aid in working out their purpose shares their faith in the demand for easiest access to all forms of the world's thought, and all forms of opinion that have helped to shape the lives of men. He agrees therefore to be responsible for the selection of books published in this way, and he will issue each of them with a short Introduction, giving some account of its writer and some indication of its place in literature.

In the sequence of these volumes, as first published, there will be only the order in disorder that aims at variety. As they multiply upon the shelves, they will admit of any classification that most pleases their possessor. There will be in them the best Plays and Poems, the best works of Fiction, the best books of Travel, Histories, Biographies—all that is most characteristic in the speculations of philosophy and of political economy, the books of most mark in the world that seek to define or purify man's sense of his relation towards God. They may be arranged in sequence of time, from Confucius to Coleridge, or grouped into nations, with Homer to head the Greeks, Dante the Italians, Shakespeare the English, and so forth. The series of books is one that should outlive its present Editor, if English readers are really agreed that, for as far as lies within the compass of

their own language, it is good to have in a Home Library as cheap, neat and compact as the modern art of publishing can make it, all the best books of the world.

The first six books of the UNIVERSAL LIBRARY will be taken from writers of five nations—England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. The series will begin cheerfully with Sheridan's Plays, because they are sure of an easy welcome from all readers. France will be represented, not by direct translation, but by a volume of the plays of English writers, Dryden, Wycherley, Fielding, plays such as "Colley Cibber's Nonjuror," that have been founded upon plays of Molière. Literature of Spain will be represented by Southey's version of the "Chronicles of the Cid"; of Germany, by Goethe's "Faust"; of Italy, by Machiavelli's "Prince." A volume of Rabelais will be also within the number of the first half-dozen books. As the series advances, it is meant gradually to include a full representation of the English Drama, from the "Miracle Plays" downward; the most significant books upon the theory of Government and on Political Economy, such as Hobbes's "Leviathan," Locke's "Essays of Civil Government," the chief writings of Jeremy Bentham, and other books that are more quoted than read. There will be Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity." There will be books also of the Puritans whom it opposed. In Poetry and Fiction, many writers who now live chiefly as names will come back into fellowship, and the old coinages of wit again be current. Sometimes the work of different writers will be placed within one volume in significant juxtaposition. Thus, produced at the same time, and dealing in very different ways with the same thought of the time, Johnson's "Rasselas" will be associated with Voltaire's "Candide."

The text of the volumes published in the UNIVERSAL LIBRARY will be carefully printed from the copies indicated by the Editor, and it will be printed without annotation. Whatever explanation may be given will be found in the Introduction to each book. The length of each Introduction will depend upon the matter to be introduced; the average length will be about four pages. In some volumes, however, the text will require editing. Old writers will be printed as we print Shakespeare for common use, without suffering the swift passage of thought from mind to mind to be retarded by those obsolete forms of spelling which are no part of the thought of man, except when he is studying words as their historian. In literature words are but symbols, incomplete at best, of the stirrings of a life within life, compared to

which the air itself is in its movement gross and palpable. As far, therefore, as sense and rhythm allow, old spelling will, throughout this Library, be modernised. Also, it is the Editor's intention to respect that change in the convention of society which excludes now from our common acquaintance certain plainnesses of thought and speech once honestly meant and honestly allowed. By a little care in this respect, much of the best literature can, with slight injury to its best features, be rescued from neglect. The use and beauty of old monuments are, surely, separable from their dust and dirt.

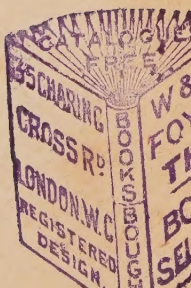
No writer has ever felt of his own book that it attained his highest aim, but that has not been reason for regretting that it had an aim. The UNIVERSAL LIBRARY will fall short of its mark, but it will not be the worse for having such a purpose as is here described. Considering, also, what a staff of writers it will have, and that in each book the Editor restricts his own talk to four pages, its volumes cannot easily be dull.

HENRY MORLEY.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

1. SHERIDAN'S PLAYS. *May*, 1883.
2. PLAYS FROM MOLIÈRE. By DRYDEN, WYCHERLEY, FIELDING, and Others. *June*, 1883.
3. GOETHE'S FAUST. *July*, 1883.
4. CHRONICLES OF THE CID. *August*, 1883.
5. RABELAIS' GARGANTUA, AND THE HEROIC DEEDS OF PANTAGRUEL. *September*, 1883.
6. THE PRINCE, BY MACHIAVELLI. *October*, 1883.
7. BACON'S ESSAYS. *November*, 1883.
8. DE FOE'S JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE. *December*, 1883.
9. LOCKE ON TOLERATION AND ON CIVIL GOVERNMENT; WITH SIR ROBERT FILMER'S "PATRIARCHA." *January*, 1884.
10. BUTLER'S ANALOGY OF RELIGION. *February* 1884.
11. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL. *March*, 1884.
12. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT. *April*, 1884.

MORLEYS
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO., EDINBURGH
CHANDOS STREET, LONDON

MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS

GOETHE'S FAUST

From the German

BY

JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HENRY MORLEY

LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE
1883

CONTENTS.

PAGE

FAUSTUS 9

FAUST 71

INTRODUCTION.

In the autumn of 1587, at the Fair of Frankfort-on-the-Main, then the headquarters of the German book trade, a bookseller named Johann Spies produced the first History of Johann Faust, the far-famed Magician and Black-Artist. It was entitled *Historia von D. Johann Fausten, dem weit beschreyten Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler.* The only complete copy of it now known is in the Imperial Library at Vienna. The unknown writer of this book seems to have been a clergyman of the Reformed Church, who caught the attention of the people by stringing together incidents of magic associated with the fabulous career of a man who had died some fifty years before, and whose name and fame survived him. The writer's desire was to warn against presumptuous sins; to attack, through Faust, the pride of intellect that sets God at defiance, and through stories of Faust's magic to pour, now and then, Protestant scorn upon the Pope.

The original Faustus traded upon superstition in the Reformation time. The date assigned to his death, 1538, was eight years before that of Luther. The earliest known mention of him—if it be of him—is by a liberal scholar of high reputation, Johann Trittenheim (Trithemius) Abbot of Spanheim, who met him at Gelnhausen in May, 1506. He knew him as a Georgius Sabellicus, who boasted that if all the works of Plato and Aristotle were burnt, he could restore them from his memory. He avoided meeting Trittenheim, by whom he was despised as a charlatan, but left his card for him. On his card he described himself as "Magister Georgius Sabellicus, Faustus junior, fons necromanticorum, magus secundus, chiromanticus, agromanticus, pyromanticus, in hydra arte secundus." The name of "Faustus junior," in this first record of an actual magician taking the name of Faustus, might point to the fame of a preceding conjuror who had borne the name of Faustus in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and who had laid foundations of a common fame associated with the name, although there is no other trace of his existence. It may have been his actual name, or he may have taken it as a Latin addition, meaning Fortunate. A fifteenth century Faustus may have been one man, Georgius Sabellicus another, and our Faustus (of whom, in that case, the first notice would be in 1525), a third. In 1513 Conrad Mudt, a friend of Melancthon, spoke of a braggart and fool who pretended to magic, whom he had found at Erfurth, calling himself "Georgius Faustus Hemitheus," (demigod) "of Heidelberg." An old Leipzig chronicle gives 1525 as the year in which Doctor Johann Faust rode before the eyes of many people out of Auerbach's cellar on a barrel of wine, with which he refreshed the students. The feat was celebrated by two pictures on the walls of the cellar, and under the picture of Faust and the students drinking were lines to this effect—

> Live thou, drink, and remember how Faustus lived for his pleasure,
> Lame-footed, slow-coming Pain overtook him, Pain without measure.

In a volume of notes from the conversation of Melancthon (*Locorum*

communium collectanea; a Johanne Manlio per multos annos pleraque tum ex lectionibus D. Philippi Melancthonis, tum ex aliorum virorum relationibus excerpta et nuper in ordinem ab eodem redacta), Johann Mennel represents that Reformer as saying: "I knew a man named Faustus, out of Kündling" (Knütlingen), "a little town not far from my own home" (at Bretten, in Baden, Knütlingen being a frontier town of Wurtemburg). "When he studied at Cracow he learnt magic, as it used to be actively taught there, where public lectures were read on the art. Afterwards he roamed about and talked of secret things. When he sought attention at Venice, he gave out that he would fly. The Devil lifted him to some height, but then let him fall, so that he almost died of the bruise. Not many years ago this Johannes Faustus sat, on his last day, greatly troubled, in a Wurtemberg village inn. The innkeeper asked him why he was so much troubled and unlike himself, for he had formerly been a wild fellow, who more than once was nearly killed over his love affairs. Whereupon he replied to that village innkeeper: 'Do not be frightened to-night.' At midnight the house shook. As Faustus had not risen next morning, when it was already noon, the innkeeper went into his room, and found him lying near the bed with his face twisted round. It was so that the Devil killed him. When he yet lived he went about with a dog, who was the Devil."

This was published in 1562. In 1563 appeared Wier's wise and generous book, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum et incantationibus ac veneficiis*, in which there are stories of Faustus. Wier follows Mennel's record as to the magician's birthplace; and in 1585, two years before the publication of the book on Faustus at the Frankfort fair, another book, by Augustin Lercheimer—*Bedencken von Zauberey*—suggested by indignation against the cruelties practised on witches, who should be placed, said Lercheimer, under the doctor and the divine, not under the criminal judge, told more stories about Faustus, and gave the right form of the name of his birthplace, Knütlingen. Roda, which Marlowe translates Rhodes, first appears as Faust's birthplace in the first edition of the famous prose story, published in Frankfort in 1587, at the autumn book fair.

That book was widely read. Before the end of the year John Aylmer, Bishop of London, licensed "A Ballad of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, the great Conjuror." In the following year, 1588, there was a new edition of the original German book, with some additions, also a rhymed version in German, and a translation into Low German. From the second edition of the book published at Frankfort, a translation was made into English, and published, without date, in 1588 or 1589, as *The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus. Newly printed, and in convenient places impertinent matter amended, according to the true copy printed at Frankfort, and translated into English by P. F. Gent.* At the same time young Christopher Marlowe must have been turning the new story-book into a play. The original German book of 1587 was translated into French by Victor Palma Cayet, whose translation was published in 1589, and in 1592 there appeared a Dutch translation of the second German edition. This translation not only gave 1538 as the year of the death of Faustus, but fixed also the exact time of his being carried off by the Devil. It was in the night between the 23rd and 24th of October.

In 1587, when the story of Faustus first appeared at Frankfort, Christopher Marlowe was a young man in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He had been baptized on the 26th of February, 1564 (new style) in the Church of St. George the Martyr, at Canterbury. His father was John Marlowe, a shoemaker. After education at the King's School, in Canterbury, he matri-

culated as a Pensioner of Benet College, Cambridge. Christopher Marlowe matriculated at Cambridge in March, 1581, and probably owed his college education to the kindness of Sir Roger Manwood. Sir Roger had himself risen from the ranks to which John Marlowe belonged; he was distinguished for munificence, and had his chief mansion near Canterbury. In 1583 Christopher Marlowe took his B.A. degree, and he proceeded to M.A. in 1587, when he had already leapt to fame as a dramatist by the great success of his first play. That play was *Tamburlaine the Great.* A letter by Thomas Nash, prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, published in 1587, condemns the recent introduction of blank verse upon the stage, and it was Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, who introduced it. In the next year, 1588, Greene, in an address "to the Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to his novel of *Perimedes, the Blacksmith*, refers directly to the "daring of God out of Heaven" by "that atheist Tamburlan."

Marlowe and Shakespeare were within two months of the same age. Shakespeare came to London about the year 1586, twenty-five years after the production of *Gorboduc*, our earliest English tragedy. During those twenty-five years few plays of high mark had been produced. The writers had been almost invariably young University men. Shakespeare studied his art as an actor, and as an alterer of other men's plays, for about six years before he declared his strength as an original writer. Those six years of Shakespeare's training time include almost the whole career of Marlowe, the greatest of his predecessors, from the first acting of *Tamburlaine*, in 1586 or 1587, until his death by a stab in a tavern brawl on the 1st of June, 1593, when he was little more than twenty-nine years old. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* —Timour the Tartar—was the story of a Scythian shepherd chief, who began with revolt from Persia, then rolled a tide of conquest through the Eastern world, and was the scourge of kings. Marlowe represented his swelling pride, that braved at last the Gods themselves, in bombastic phrase, but with the grand energy of a young poet who had also realms to conquer. In a prologue of eight lines Marlowe began with a repudiation of rhyme, and disdain of the base jesting of the clown who intruded himself too freely on the action of our early plays.

> From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
> I'll lead you——

said Marlowe, and there are no clown scenes in any of his plays, excepting *Faustus*. Fresh from the display of pride in the strong arm of the flesh defying Heaven, Marlowe was ready to write his second play when the Faust story appeared at Frankfort. Probably the book was brought to England by a company of English players, who are known to have been in the service of Duke Christian of Saxony in October, 1586. But however Marlowe came by the book, in the very year of its first publication, here was a picture of the pride of intellect defiant of its Giver, and although there were many clownish incidents of magic in the original book that were intended to blend jest with earnest, Marlowe probably confined himself to the poetical development of the main thought. Clown scenes, not pertinent to the main story, were, I believe, added at will by the players for the satisfaction of their audiences. This is fairly to be inferred from the fact that the earliest known edition of Marlowe's *Faustus* was published in 1604, and entries in the diary of Henslowe the player, dated respectively 1597 and 1602, record payments for "additions to *Faustus*."

Goethe's *Faust* was first published in 1806, after a slow development through many years. The ballad of the King of Thule, the first monologue, and the first scene with Wagner, were written in 1774-5; from that time

onward Goethe made fragmentary additions from time to time. In 1797 he remodelled the whole work, then added the two Prologues and the Walpurgis night. In 1801 the work was finished. The feebler Second Part of *Faust*, completed in July, 1831, at the age of 81—Goethe died on the 22nd of March, 1832—was an after thought, continuing to the end association of the Faust legend with thoughts and feelings from his own experience of life. "The marionette fable of Faust," he said, "murmured with many voices in my soul. I too had wandered into every department of knowledge, and had returned early enough satisfied with the vanity of science. And life, too, I had tried under various aspects, and always came back sorrowing and unsatisfied."

Here it must be enough to say that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749. His father was an Imperial Councillor with refined tastes, which he could satisfy, and in which he could train his son. Geothe studied at Leipsic, and afterwards at Strasburg; cared more for the natural sciences than for law; took the degree of doctor, and at the age of twenty-five represented the sick mind of Europe in the days before the French Revolution with the "Sorrows of the Young Werter," first published in 1774. In 1779 he entered the service of the Duke of Saxe Weimar, by whom he was employed in high offices, loaded with honours, and impeded in the free use of his mind. But after the first ten years at Weimar, a journey to Italy gave impulse to his genius, and bore fruit in *Iphigenia*, *Egmont*, *Tasso*, and much of *Faust*. This greatest of German poets began his career, like Schiller, with reaction against a literature of classical convention and a life encumbered with dead forms. He gave, for Germany, highest expression to the struggle for a real life, uttering itself in a real literature. Taught by the free spirit of Shakespeare, he turned early from the classical drama to represent in *Götz von Berlichingen*, a hero out of the old national tradition, who like himself, though in another way, defied authority. As the healthy artist life developed, the poet was the man. From the lightest grace of song to the large conception of his burgher epic, *Hermann und Dorothea*, most of all in his *Faust*, all is direct utterance of his own inner life, with the intensity and the repose of thought that through the man himself, and his own life problems, touched all humanity in a time of Revolution, when minds exulted in the new sense of recovered power. Goethe solved no riddle of life, but he expressed himself, and, through himself, a world of newly wakened thought among men, with the full sincerity that is of the essence of all high artistic power.

Dr. John Anster, whose version is here given, was the earliest translator of *Faust* into English. He was born in Cork at the close of the last century, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish Bar in 1824. He graduated as LL.D. in 1826. He had published at one-and-twenty a prize poem, and *Poems with Translations from the German*, and after contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*—in which he was a frequent writer—fragments of his translation of *Faust*, he published the whole in 1835.

In 1850 Dr. Anster was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin. He died in June, 1867. His translation of *Faust* gave pleasure to Coleridge, and is liked in Germany.

July, 1883. HENRY MORLEY.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

[*From the Quarto of 1604.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE POPE.
CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.
FAUSTUS.
VALDES, CORNELIUS, } *friends to* FAUSTUS.
WAGNER, *servant to* FAUSTUS.
Clown.
ROBIN.
RALPH.
Vintner.
Horse-Courser.
A Knight.
An Old Man.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.
DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.
MEPHISTOPHILIS.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour, and of HELEN.
Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd,

Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, Galen come:
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:*
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be etèrniz'd for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem,
Alter valorem rei, etc.
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est: Ha! *Stipendium*,
The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [*Reads.*
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Faust. Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

Evil Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. [*Exeunt* ANGELS.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;

Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Val. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,

And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Val. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two SCHOLARS.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we know; for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon it: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!
Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter FAUSTUS *to conjure.*

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, aërii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris; per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS (*like a Franciscan friar*).

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter WAGNER *and* CLOWN.

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have: boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too; you may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his

nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend; by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre. Take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness, I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness, I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and

I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils: say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop? he has killed the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS; *and the* CLOWN *runs up and down crying.*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away!

[*Exeunt* DEVILS.

Clown. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them! they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she devil: I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat! No, no, sir; if you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere: I'll tickle the pretty wenches! I'll be amongst them, i' faith!

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Baliol and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.* [*Exit.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him; I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his Study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damn'd:
And canst thou not be sav'd?
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

Good Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

Evil Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

Evil Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[*Exeunt* ANGELS.

Faust. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—Come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that or thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!
Why should'st thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals.*

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

Faust. Consummatum est, this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo fuge: whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ;—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.
[*Aside, and then exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* DEVILS, *who give crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both!

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads.*] *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the East, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the*

articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. Come, I think, hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damned, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! Now in hell!
Nay, an' this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:
What! walking, disputing! etc.
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one;
For I will have one.

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* DEVIL *drest like a woman, with fireworks.*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her . . . .

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

* * * * *

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as cha steas was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives book.*
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*

SCENE II.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this magic, and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

Evil Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

Evil Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt* ANGELS.

Faust. My heart's so harden'd I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love, and Œnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is termed the world's wide pole:
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore?*

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four

hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years, Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question; why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ay! go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul!
Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

Evil Ang. Too late.

Good Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

Evil Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

Good Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[*Exeunt* ANGELS.

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer;
And this is my companion-prince in Hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,
And of his dam too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell, to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show: talk of the devil and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride: I disdain to have any parents. Sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon a wench's brow; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here? I'll not speak another word except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire

that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath; I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! Then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me; but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-

beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who, I, sir? The first letter of my name begins with L.

Luc. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt* the SINS.

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[*Exeunt* LUCIFER *and* BELZEBUB.

Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of Holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,

We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Through a rock of stone, in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now, what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,

With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge, call'd Ponte Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome;
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass them some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment;
Then charm me, that I may be invisible
To do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *charms him.*

Meph. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter the POPE *and the* CARDINAL *of* LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* FRIARS *attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, will't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an' you spare.

Pope. How now! who's that which spake? Friars, look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace. [*Snatches the cup.*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself.*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again.*

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;
I give you fair warning.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again, and* FAUSTUS *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle. [bell,—

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS *to sing the Dirge.*

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion. [*They sing.*

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus! [Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS *beat the* FRIARS, *and fling fire-works among them; and so exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returned home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see['t] perform'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter ROBIN, *the Ostler, with a book in his hand.*

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of

Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and, i'faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use.

Enter RALPH, *calling* ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst not read?

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, thou shalt have her.

Ralph. O, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph! did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *ecce, signum!* here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter VINTNER.

Drawer, I hope all is paid; God be with you!—Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are but a, &c. I a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[*Searches* ROBIN.

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER *searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [*Aside*].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to* RALPH].

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book.*] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner. —Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to* RALPH].—[*Reads*] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis*, &c.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.*

Vint. O, nomine Domini! what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. Peccatum peccatorum!—Here's thy goblet, good Vintner. [*Gives the goblet to* VINTNER, *who exit.*

Robin. Misericordia pro nobis! what shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone.

[*Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, *and a* KNIGHT, *with* ATTENDANTS.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This

therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith he looks much like a conjuror. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.

If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace, in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, begone.

[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Knight. Nay, an' you go to conjuring, I'll begone.

[*Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *with* SPIRITS *in the shapes of* ALEXANDER *and his* PARAMOUR.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*Exeunt* SPIRITS.

Faust. Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.

Re-enter the KNIGHT, *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,

How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS *removes the horns.*] Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, master Doctor: yet, ere you go, expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, KNIGHT, *and* ATTENDANTS.

SCENE IV.

FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years;

Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

Horse-courser. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

Horse-c. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so; if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-c. Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you, speak for me.

Meph. I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money [HORSE-COURSER *gives* FAUSTUS *the money*]: my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

Horse-c. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not

into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-c. Well, sir.—Now I am a made man for ever; I'll not leave my horse for forty. Well, God b'wi'ye, sir: your boy will deliver him me: but, hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, you'll tell me what it is?

Faust. Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? [*Exit* HORSE-COURSER.

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, *all wet, crying.*

Horse-courser. Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian, quotha? mass, Dr. Lopus was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me know of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in

the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse !—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, heypass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

Horse-c. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

Horse-c. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee, he has not slept these eight nights.

Horse-c. An' he have not slept these eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-c. Ay, this is he.—God save ye, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-c. So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [*Hollows in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* FAUSTUS *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers.—My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-c. O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more!

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-c. I have none about me: come to my ostry, and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly. [HORSE-COURSER *runs away.*

Faust. What, is he gone? farewell he! Faustus has hi leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of ha for his labour: well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the DUKE *of* VANHOLT, *the* DUCHESS *and* FAUSTUS.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that at times women do long for some

dainties or other: what is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone! [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? Be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *with two or three* SCHOLARS, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece

was the admirablest lady that ever lived; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus's custom is not to deny
The just request of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and* HELEN *passeth over the stage.*

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[*Exeunt* SCHOLARS.

Enter an OLD MAN.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate stabs!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel

Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hapless soul. [*Exit.*

Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,

Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the OLD MAN.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt—on one side* DEVILS, *on the other*, OLD MAN.

SCENE III.

Enter FAUSTUS, *with* SCHOLARS.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not into me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* SCHOLARS.—*The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still; you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud[s],
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[*Thunder and lightning.*

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt* DEVILS *with* FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

FAUST.

PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MR. MERRYMAN.

Manager. My two good friends, on whom I have depended,
At all times to assist me and advise;
Aid your old friend once more—to-night he tries
(And greatly fears the fate that may attend it)
For German lands a novel enterprise.
To please the public I am most desirous;
"Live and let live," has ever been their maxim,
Gladly they pay the trifle that we tax 'em,
And gratitude should with new zeal inspire us.
Our temporary theatre's erected,
Planks laid, posts raised, and something is expected.
Already have the audience ta'en their station,
With eye-brows lifted up in expectation;
Thoughtful and tranquil all—with hopes excited,
Disposed to be amused—amazed—delighted!
I know the people's taste—their whims—caprices,
Could always get up popular new pieces;
But never have I been before so harassed
As now—so thoroughly perplext, embarrassed!

Every one reads so much of every thing:
The books they read are not the best, 'tis true:
But then they are for ever reading—reading!
This being so, how can we hope to bring
Any thing out, that shall be good and new?
What chance of now as formerly succeeding?

How I delight to see the people striving
To force their way into our crowded booth,
Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth,
Digging with elbows, through the passage driving,
As if it were St. Peter's gate, and leading
To something more desirable than Eden;
Long before FOUR, while daylight's strong as ever,
All hurrying to the box of the receiver,
Breaking their necks for tickets—thrusting—jamming,
As at a baker's door in time of famine!

On men so various in their disposition,
So different in manners—rank—condition;
How is a miracle like this effected?
The poet—he alone is the magician.
On thee, my friend, we call—from thee expect it.

Poet. Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd,
My powers desert me in the noisy throng;
Hide, hide from me the multitude, whose loud
And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
Against my will; and lead me to some lone

And silent vale—some scene in fairy-land,
There only will the poet's heart expand,
Surrendered to the impulses of song,
Lost in delicious visions of its own,
Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest
Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest!

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
The whole a rabble's madness may destroy;
And this, when, after toil of many years,
Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears
To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
As the vain heart too easily believed;
Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
The truly great, the genuine, the sublime
Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,
Unnoticed long, receives from after-time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!

Mr. Merry. Enough of this cold cant of future ages,
And men hereafter doting on your pages;
To prattle thus of other times is pleasant,
And all the while neglect our own, the PRESENT.
Why, what if I too—Mister Merryman—

In my vocation acted on your plan?
If on the unborn we squander our exertion,
Who will supply the living with diversion?
And, clamour as you, authors, may about it,
They want amusement—will not go without it;
Just look at me, a fine young dashing fellow—
My very face works wonders, let me tell you;—
Now my way, for your guidance I may mention—
Please but yourself, and feel no apprehension.
The crowd will share the feelings of the poet,
The praise he seeks they liberally bestow it:
The more that come, the better for the writer.
Each flash of wit is farther felt—seems brighter,
And every little point appreciated,
By some one in the circle over-rated,
All is above its value estimated:
Take courage then,—come—now for a *chef-d'œuvre*—
To make a name—to live, and live for ever—
Call FANCY up, with her attendant troop,
REASON and JUDGMENT, PASSION, MELANCHOLY,
WIT, FEELING, and among the choral group
Do not forget the little darling, FOLLY!

Manager. But above all, give them enough of action;
He who gives most, will give most satisfaction;
They come to see a *show*—no work whatever,
Unless it be a show, can win their favour;
Then, as they wish it, let them gape and stare;—

Crowd scene on scene—enough and still to spare.
A show is what they want; they love and pay for it;
Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it;
And he who gives one is a certain favourite;
Would you please many, you must give good measure;
Then each finds something in't to yield him pleasure;
The more you give, the greater sure your chance is
To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.
The interest of a piece, no doubt, increases
Divided thus, and broken into pieces.
We want a dish to hit the common taste;
Then hash it up and serve it out in haste!
And, for my part, methinks it little matters:
Though you may call your work a finished whole,
The public soon will tear this whole to tatters,
And but on piecemeal parts their praises dole.

Poet. You cannot think how very mean a task,
How humbling to the genuine artist's mind,
To furnish such a drama as you ask:
The poor pretender's bungling tricks, I find,
Are now established as the rules of trade,—
Receipts—by which successful plays are made!

Manager. Such an objection is of little weight
Against my reasoning. If a person chooses
To work effectively, no doubt he uses
The instrument that's most appropriate.
Your play may—for your audience—be too good;—

Coarse lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood—
Blocks—with the hatchet only to be hewed!—
One comes to drive away ennui or spleen;
Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table;
A third, than all the rest less tolerable,
From reading a review or magazine.
Hither all haste, anticipate delight,
As to a Masque, desire each face illuming,
And each, some novel character assuming,
Place for awhile their own half out of sight.
The ladies, too, tricked out in brilliant gear,
Themselves ambitious actresses appear,
And, though unpaid, are still performers here.
What do you dream in your poetic pride?
Think you a full house can be satisfied
And every auditor an ardent cheerer?
Pray, only look at them a little nearer;
One half are cold spectators, inattentive;
The other dead to every fine incentive;
One fellow's thinking of a game of cards;
One on a wild night of intoxication:
Why court for such a set the kind regards
Of the coy Muse—her highest fascination?
I tell thee only, give enough—enough;
Still more and more - no matter of what stuff;
You cannot go astray; let all your views
Be only for the moment to amuse,

To keep them in amazement or distraction;
Man is incapable of satisfaction.
Why, what affects you thus—is't inspiration?
A reverie?—ah! can it be vexation?

Poet. Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find;
What! shall the poet squander then away,
For thy poor purposes, himself, his mind,
Profane the gift, which Nature, when she gave
To him, to him entrusted for mankind,
—Their birthright—thy poor bidding to obey,
And sink into an humble trading slave?
Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
And why can nothing his proud march oppose,
As through all elements the conqueror goes?
Oh, is it not the harmony within,
The music, that hath for its dwelling-place
His own rich soul?—the heart that can receive
Again into itself, again embrace
The world it clothed with beauty and bade live?
With unregarding hand when Nature throws
Upon the spindle the dull length of thread,
That on, still on, in weary sameness flows,
When all things, that in unison agreeing,
Should join to form the happy web of Being,
Are tangled in inextricable strife:
Who can awake the blank monotony
To measured order? Who upon the dead

Unthinking chaos breathe the charm of life,
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord, that, in the general consecration,
Bears part with all in musical relation?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion? bid the serious mind
Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours?
Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,
When wanders forth the ladye of his choice?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—
Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined
The best reward his country can present?
Whose voice is fame? who gives us to inherit
Olympus, and the loved Elysian field?
The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit
Seen in the POET, gloriously revealed.

Mr. Merry. A poet yet should regulate his fancies,
Like that of life should get up his romances;
First a chance meeting—then the young folk tarry
Together—toy and trifle, sigh and marry,
Are link'd for ever, scarcely half intending it,
Once met—'tis fixed—no changing and no mending it.
Thus a romance runs: fortune, then reverses;
Rapture, then coldness; bridal dresses—hearses;
The lady dying—letters from the lover,

And, ere you think of it, the thing is over.
Shift your scenes rapidly; write fast and gaily,
Give, in your play, the life we witness daily;
The life which all men live, yet few men notice,
Yet which will please ('tis very strange, but so 'tis),
Will please, when forced again on their attention,
More than the wonders of remote invention;
Glimmerings of truth—calm sentiment—smart strictures—
Actors in bustle—clouds of moving pictures—
The young will crowd to see a work, revealing
Their own hearts to themselves; in solitude
Will feast on the remembered visions—stealing
For frenzied passion its voluptuous food:
Unbidden smiles and tears unconscious start.
For oh! the secrets of the poet's art,
What are they but the dreams of the young heart?
Oh! 'tis the young enjoy the poet's mood,
Float with him on imagination's wing,
Think all his thoughts, are his in everything,
Are, while they dream not of it, all they see:
Youth—youth is the true time for sympathy.
This is the sort of drink to take the town;
Flavour it to their taste, they gulp it down.
Your true admirer is the generous spirit,
Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit
As if of his own being it were part,
And growing with the growth of his own heart;

Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth
Is taught him by the poet—this is Youth;
Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so knowing,
And no one thanks the poet but the growing.

Poet. Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young—
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.
Then, as I wander'd free,
In every field, for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing!
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
In every bud a mystery;
Magic in everything unknown:—
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance—
Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,

Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—
Give me my youth again!

Mr. Merry. Why, my dear friend, for youth thus sigh and prattle,
'Twould be a very good thing in a battle;
Or on your arm if a fine girl were leaning,
Then, I admit, the wish would have some meaning;
In running for a bet, to clear the distance,
A young man's sinews would be some assistance;
Or if, after a dance, a man was thinking
Of reeling out the night in glorious drinking;
But you have only among chords, well known
Of the familiar harp, with graceful finger
Freely to stray at large, or fondly linger,
Courting some wandering fancies of your own;
While, with capricious windings and delays,
Loitering, or lost in an enchanted maze
Of sweet sounds, the rich melody, at will
Gliding, here rests, here indolently strays,
Is ever free, yet evermore obeys
The hidden guide, that journeys with it still.
This is, old gentleman, your occupation,
Nor think that it makes less our veneration.
"Age," says the song, "the faculties bewildering,
Renders men childish"—no! it finds them children.

Man. Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory
Of flattering phrases—courteous—complimentary.

You both lose time in words unnecessary,
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry;
Think not of tuning now or preparation,
Strike up, my boy—no fear—no hesitation,
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
But once assume the poet—then the fire
From heaven will come to kindle and inspire.
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
A hearty, brisk, and animating tipple;
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for, at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow—and the next more dilatory;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed!
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out whate'er they please, and laugh at censurers,
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery—
Command enough of dresses and machinery;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin—
The greater and the lesser lights of heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.

Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—
Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle of wide nature.
With swiftest speed, in calm thought weighing well
Each movement—move from HEAVEN through EARTH to HELL.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

DER HERR, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, *afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three ARCHANGELS *come forward.*

Raphael. The sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along :
New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight,
Mysterious all—yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light !

Gabriel. Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.
The vexed sea foams—waves leap and moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,

And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.

Michael. And winds with winds mad war maintain,
From sea to land, from land to sea;
And heave round earth, a living chain
Of interwoven agency.—
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal,
Fast lightnings flash with deadly ray,
While, Lord, with Thee thy servants feel
Calm effluence of abiding day.

All. New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from thy sight;
Mysterious all, yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

Meph. Since Thou, O Lord, dost visit us once more,
To ask how things are going on, and since
You have received me kindly heretofore,
I venture to the levee of my prince.
Pardon me, if I fail, after the sort
Of bending courtiers here, to pay my court;
The company is far too fine for me,
They smile with scorn such folk in heaven to see.
High hymns and solemn words are not my forte.
Pathos from me would look too like a joke;
Words, that from others had set angels weeping,
To laughter would your very self provoke,
If laughter were not wholly out of keeping.

Nothing of suns or worlds have I to say,
I only see how men fret on their day;
The little god of earth is still the same
Strange thing he was, when first to life he came;
That life were somewhat better, if the light
Of heaven had not been given to spoil him quite.
Reason he calls it—see its blessed fruit,
Than the brute beast man is a beastlier brute;
He seems to me, if I may venture on
Such a comparison, to be like one
Of those long lank-legged grasshoppers, whose song
The self-same creak, chirps, as they bound along,
Monotonous and restless in the grass,
'Twere well 'twas in grass always; but, alas,
They thrust their snouts in every filth they pass.

Der Herr. Hast thou no more than this to say,
Thou, who complainest every day?
Are all things evil in thy sight?
Does nothing on the earth move right?

Meph. Not anything, my lord—poor men so fervent
And foolish are—I almost feel compassion.

Der Herr. Dost thou know FAUST?

Meph. The doctor?

Der Herr. Yes; my servant.

Meph. Truly, he serves in a peculiar fashion;
Child though he be of human birth,
His food and drink are not of earth.

Foolish—even he at times will feel
The folly in such hopes to deal:—
His fancies hurry him afar;
Of heaven he asks its highest star;
Self-willed and spoiled, in mad pursuit,
Of earth demands its fairest fruit;
And all that both can give supplied,
Behold him still unsatisfied!

Der Herr. Yes; for he serves in a perplexing scene,
That oft misleads him. Still his WILL is right;
Soon comes the time to lead him into light.
Now is the first prophetic green,
The hopes and promises of spring,
The unformed bud and blossoming;
And he who reared the tree and knows the clime
Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time.

Meph. What will you wager you don't lose him yet.

With all his promise? Had I only freedom
On my own path with easy lure to lead him,
I've not a doubt of it I win the bet.

Der Herr. As long as on the earth endures his life
To deal with him have full and free permission;
Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife.

Meph. Cheerfully I agree to the condition;
I have no fancy for the dead: your youth,
With full fresh cheeks, tastes daintier to my tooth.

Should a corpse call, the answer at my house
Is, "Not at home." My play is cat and mouse.

Der Herr. Be it permitted: from his source divert
And draw this Spirit captive down with thee;
Till baffled and in shame thou dost admit,
"A good man, clouded though his senses be
By error, is no willing slave to it."
His consciousness of good will it desert
The good man?—yea, even in his darkest hours
Still doth he war with Darkness and the Powers
Of Darkness;—for the light he cannot see
Still round him feels;—and, if he be not free,
Struggles against this strange captivity.

Meph. Aye! feelings that have no abiding—
Short struggles—give him to my guiding—
I cannot have a doubt about the bet.
Oh! in what triumph shall I crow at winning!
Dust he shall eat, and eat with pleasure yet,
Like that first SNAKE in my poor heraldry,
Who has been eating it from the beginning.

Der Herr. Here too take your own course—you are quite free
In the concern,—with anything but loathing
I look on folk like you. My work demands
Such servants. Of the Spirits of Denial
The pleasantest, that figures in Man's Trial,
Is OLD INIQUITY in his Fool's clothing;

The Vice is never heavy upon hands ;
Without the Knave the Mystery were nothing.
For MAN's activity soon tires,
(A lazy being at the best)
And sting and spur requires.
In indolent enjoyment Man would live,
And this companion, whom I therefore give,
Goads, urges, drives—is devil and cannot rest.
But ye, pure sons of God, be yours the sight
Of Beauty, each hour brighter and more bright!
The Life, in all around, below, above
That ever lives and works—the Infinite
Enfold you in the happy bonds of love!
And all that flows unfixed and undefined
In glimmering phantasy before the mind,
Bid Thought's enduring chain for ever bind!

[*Heaven closes. The archangels disperse.*

Meph. [*alone*]. I'm very glad to have it in my power
To see him now and then ; he is so civil :
I rather like our good old governor—
Think only of his speaking to the devil!

TIME, *Night.*

SCENE, *A high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber*—
FAUST *at his desk—restless.*

Faust. Alas! I have explored
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine ;

And over deep Divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal ;
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first !
Here am I—boast and wonder of the school :
Magister, *Doctor*, and I lead
These ten years past, my pupils' creed ;
Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please.
And now to feel that nothing can be known !
This is a thought that burns into my heart.
I have been more acute than all these triflers,
Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers ;
Have sounded all the depths of every science.
Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil.
But I have lost all peace of mind :
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue.
The fancy too has died away,
The hope, that I might, in my day,
Instruct, and elevate mankind.
Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
Without one joy that earth can give,
Could dog—were I a dog—so live ?

Therefore to magic, with severe
And patient toil, have I applied,
Despairing of all other guide,
That from some Spirit I might hear
Deep truths, to others unrevealed,
And mysteries from mankind sealed;
And never more, with shame of heart,
Teach things, of which I know no part.
Oh, for a glance into the earth!
To see below its dark foundations,
Life's embryo seeds before their birth
And Nature's silent operations.
Thus end at once this vexing fever
Of words—mere words—repeated ever.

Beautiful Moon!—Ah! would that now,
For the last time, thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow!
Oft by this desk, at middle night,
I have sat gazing for thy light,
Wearied with search, through volumes endless,
I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,
Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,
Camest smiling in, with soothing looks.
Oh, that upon some headland height
I now were wandering in thy light!
Floating with Spirits, like a shadow,
Round mountain-cave, o'er twilight meadow;

And from the toil of thought relieved,
No longer sickened and deceived,
In thy soft dew could bathe, and find
Tranquillity and health of mind.

Alas! and am I in the gloom
Still of this cursed dungeon room?
Where even heaven's light, so beautiful,
Through the stained glass comes thick and dull;
'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
Scrolls with book-worms through them stealing;
Dreary walls, where dusty paper
Bears deep stains of smoky vapour;
Glasses, instruments, all lumber
Of this kind the place encumber;
All a man of learning gathers,
All bequeathed me by my fathers,
Crucibles from years undated,
Chairs of structure antiquated,
Are in strange confusion hurled!
Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world!
Still dost thou ask, why in thy breast
The sick heart flutters ill at rest?
Why a dull sense of suffering
Deadens life's current at the spring?
From living nature thou hast fled
To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead;
And for the lovely scenes which Heaven

Hath made man for, to man hath given ;
Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
Of brute and human skeletons !

Away—away and far away !
This book, where secret spells are scanned,
Traced by NOSTRADAM'S own hand,
Will be thy strength and stay :
The courses of the stars to thee
No longer are a mystery ;
The thoughts of Nature thou canst seek,
As Spirits with their brothers speak.
It is, it is the planet hour
Of thy own being ; light, and power,
And fervour to the soul are given,
As proudly it ascends its heaven.
To ponder here, o'er spells and signs,
Symbolic letters, circles, lines ;
And from their actual use refrain,
Were time and labour lost in vain :
Then ye, whom I feel floating near me,
Spirits, answer, ye who hear me !

[*He opens the book, and lights upon the sign of* MACROCOSMUS.

Ha ! what new life divine, intense,
Floods in a moment every sense ;
I feel the dawn of youth again,

Visiting each glowing vein!
Was it a god—a god who wrote these signs?
The tumults of my soul are stilled,
My withered heart with rapture filled:
In virtue of the magic lines,
The secret powers that Nature mould,
Their essence and their acts unfold—
Am I a god?—Can mortal sight
Enjoy, endure this burst of light?
How clear these silent characters!
All Nature present to my view,
And each creative act of hers—
And is the glorious vision true?
The wise man's words at length are plain,
Whose sense so long I sought in vain:

"The Worlde of Spirits no Clouds conceale:
Man's Eye is dim, it cannot see.
Man's Heart is dead, it cannot feele.
Thou, who wouldst knowe the Things that be,
The Heart of Earth in the Sunrise red,
Bathe, till its Stains of Earth are fled."

[*He looks over the sign attentively.*

Oh! how the spell before my sight
Brings nature's hidden ways to light:
See! all things with each other blending—
Each to all its being lending—

All on each in turn depending—
Heavenly ministers descending—
And again to heaven up-tending—
Floating, mingling, interweaving—
Rising, sinking, and receiving
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each, the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving;
Breathing blessings, see them bending,
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While every where diffused is harmony unending!

Oh! what a vision—but a vision only!
Can heart of man embrace
Illimitable Nature?
Fountain of life, forth-welling;
The same in every place;
That dost support and cheer
Wide heaven, and teeming earth, and every creature
That hath therein its dwelling,
Oh! could the blighted soul but feel thee near!
To thee still turns the withered heart,
To thee the spirit, seared and lonely,
Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative;
On thy maternal bosom feed and live.
I ask a solace thou dost not impart;

The food I hunger for thou dost not give!

[*He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, till his eye rests on the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.*

How differently this sign affects my frame!
Spirit of Earth! my nature is the same,
Or near akin to thine!
How fearlessly I read this sign!
And feel even now new powers are mine;
While my brain burns, as though with wine;
Give me the agitated strife,
The madness of the world of life;
I feel within my soul the birth
Of strength, enabling me to bear,
And thoughts, impelling me to share
The fortunes, good or evil, of the Earth;
To battle with the Tempest's breath,
Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.

All around grows cold and cloudy,
The moon withdraws her ray;
The lamp's loose flame is shivering,
It fades, it dies away.
Ha! round my brow what sparkles ruddy
In trembling light are quivering?
And, to and fro,
Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,
Rolled and unrolled,

In crimson fold,
They float and flow!
From the vaulted space above,
A shuddering horror seems to move
Down,—down upon me creeps and seizes
The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes;
'Tis thou—I feel thee, SPIRIT, near,
Thou hast heard the spell, and thou
Art hovering around me now;
Spirit! to my sight appear,
How my heart is torn in sunder—
All my thoughts convulsed with wonder—
Every faculty and feeling
Strained to welcome thy revealing.
Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,
Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but see!

[*He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the Spirit mysteriously; a red flame is seen playing about, and in the flame the* SPIRIT.

Spirit. Who calls me?

Faust. [*averting his face.*] Form of horror, hence!

Spirit. Hither from my distant sphere,
Thou hast compelled me to appear;
Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence,
With importuning violence;
And now——

Faust. I shudder, overpowered with fear.

Spirit. Panting, praying to look on me,

My voice to listen, my face to see,
Thy soul's strong mandate bends me down to thee.
Here am I—here and now, what fear
Seizes thee?—thee—the more than Man?
Where the strong soul, that could dare
Summon Us, Spirits? Where
The soul, that could conceive, and plan,
Yea, and create its world; whose pride
The bounds which limit Man defied,
Heaved with high sense of inborn powers,
Nor feared to mete its strength with ours.
Where art thou, Faust? and, were the accents thine,
That rang to me? the soul that pressed itself to mine?
Art thou the same, whose senses thus are shattered,
Whose very being in my breath is scattered
Shuddering thro' all life's depths—poor writhing worm!

Faust. Creature of flame, shall I grow pale before thee?
I am he, I called thee, I am Faust, thy Equal!

Spirit. In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,
In the fervour of act, in the fire, in the storm,
Hither and thither,
Over and under,
Wend I and wander.
Birth and the grave
Limitless ocean,
Where the restless wave
Undulates ever,

Under and over
Their seething strife,
Heaving and weaving
The changes of life.

At the whirring loom of Time unawed,
I work the living mantle of God.

Faust. Swift Spirit, that ever round the wide world heavest!
How near I feel to thee!

Spirit. Man, thou art as the Spirit, whom thou conceivest,
Not ME. [*Vanishes.*

Faust [*overpowered with confusion*]. Not thee!
Whom then? I! image of the Deity!
And not even such as thee! [*A knock.*

'Sdeath! 'tis this pupil lad of mine—
He comes my airy guests to banish.
This elevating converse dread,
These visions, dazzlingly outspread
Before my senses, all will vanish
At the formal fellow's tread!

Enter WAGNER, *in his dressing-gown and night-cap—a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns round, displeased.*

Wag. Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.
Been reciting some Greek tragedy, no doubt;
I wish to improve myself in this same art;

'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
An actor might give lessons to a priest.

Faust. Yes! when your priest's an actor, as may happen.

Wag. Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever
In his dull study; if one sees the world
Never, unless on some chance holyday,
Looks at it from a distance, through a telescope,
How can we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade?

Faust. If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers, with communicated power,
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors;
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart!

Wag. EXPRESSION, graceful utterance, is the first
And best acquirement of the orator.
This do I feel, and feel my want of it!

Faust. Be honest, if you would be eloquent;
Be not a chiming fool with cap and bells;
Reason and genuine feeling want no arts
Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution;
And when you are in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh! these fine holyday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out common-places,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.

Wag. The search of knowledge is a weary one,
And life how short! *Ars longa, Vita brevis!*
How often have the heart and brain, o'er-tasked,
Shrunk back despairing from enquiries vain!
Oh! with what difficulty are the means
Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge!
And when the path is found, ere we have trod
Half the long way—poor wretches! we must die!

Faust. Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
Whose healing waters still the thirst within?
Oh! never yet hath mortal drunk
A draught restorative,
That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

Wag. Pardon me—but you will at least confess

That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
Into the spirit of the ages past;
To see how wise men thought in olden time,
And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.

Faust. Oh yes! as far as from the earth to heaven!
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
In which those ages are beheld reflected,
With what distortion strange heaven only knows.
Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;
A lumber-room of dusty documents,
Furnished with all-approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! History!
Facts dramatized say rather—action—plot—
Sentiment, every thing the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

Wag. But then the world, man's heart and mind, are things
Of which 'twere well that each man had some knowledge.

Faust. Why yes!—they call it *knowledge.* Who may dare
To name things by their real names? The few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames.
Pardon me; but 'tis very late, my friend;
Too late to hold this conversation longer.

Wagner. How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Thus to converse with you so learnedly.
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more:
I have been diligent in all my studies;
Given my whole heart and time to the pursuit;
And I know much, but would know every thing. [*Exit.*

Faust [*alone*]. How hope abandons not the humblest mind!
Poor lad! he clings to learning's poorest forms,
Delves eagerly for fancied gold to find
Worms—dust; is happy among dust and worms!

Man's voice, and such a man's, and did it dare
Breathe round me here, where Spirits thronged the air?
And yet, poor humble creature that thou art,
How do I thank thee from my very heart!
When my senses sank beneath
Despair, and sought relief in death;

When life within me dying shivered,
Thy presence from the trance delivered.
Oh, while I stood before that giant stature,
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature!

Image of God! I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay,
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene.
High above cherubs—above all that serve,
Raised up immeasurably—every nerve
Of Nature's life seemed animate with mine;
Her very veins with blood from my veins filled—
Her spirit moving as my spirit willed;
Then did I in creations of my own
(Oh, is not man in every thing divine!)
Build worlds—or bidding them no longer be—
Exert, enjoy a sense of deity—
Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone;
All by one word of thunder overthrown!

Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee!
True, I compelled thee to appear,
But had no power to hold thee here.
Oh! in that rapturous moment how I felt—
How little and how great! and thus to be
With savage scorn fiercely flung back upon
The lot to mortals dealt.

And its uncertainties! again the prey
Of deep disquietude! with none
To guide me on my way,
Or shew me what to shun!
That impulse goads me on—shall I obey?
Alas! 'tis not our sufferings alone,
But even our acts obstruct us and delay
Our life's free flow.

To what man's spirit conceives
Of purest, best, some foreign growth still cleaves,
We seize what this world gives of good, and deem
All Better a deception and a dream.
High feelings, that in us to life gave birth,
Are numbed and wither in the coil of earth.

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
Imagination spreads her wing unchecked,
Deeming all things within her ample scope,
To the ETERNAL! and how small a space
Suffices her when Fortune flees apace,
And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked!
Deep in the breast Care builds her nest,
Rocks restlessly and scares away all rest.
Some secret sorrow still the envious one
Keeps stirring at till peace and joy are gone.
Each day she masks her in some new disguise,
Each day with some new trick the temper tries,

Is House and Homestead, Child and Wife,
Fire, Water, Poison, Dagger-knife.
Evils that never come disquiet thee
Evermore mourning losses not to be!

I am not like the gods. No! no! I tremble,
Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought,
Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought.

Is this not dust in which I live?
This prison-place, what can it give
Of life or comfort? wheresoe'er
The sick eye turns, it sees one tier—
Along the blank high wall—of shelves
And gloomy volumes, which themselves
Are dust and lumber; and the scrolls
That crowd the hundred pigeon-holes
And crevices of that old case—
That darkens and confines the space
Already but too small—'mong these
What can life be but a disease?
Here housed in dust, with grub and moth,
I sicken—mind and body both.
—Shall I find here the cure I ask,
Resume the edifying task
Of reading, in a thousand pages,

That care-worn man has, in all ages,
Sowed Vanity to reap Despair?
That one, mayhap, has here and there
Been less unhappy?

Hollow Skull,
I almost fancy I divine
A meaning in thy spectral smile.
Saith it not that thy brain, like mine,
Still loved, and sought the Beautiful;
Loved Truth for Truth's own sake; and sought,
Regardless of aught else the while,
Like mine, the light of cloudless day—
And, in unsatisfying thought
By twilight glimmers led astray,
Like mine at length sank over-wrought?

Every thing fails me—every thing—
These instruments, do they not all
Mock me? lathe, cylinder, and ring,
And cog and wheel—in vain I call
On you for aid, ye keys of Science,
I stand before the guarded door
Of Nature; but it bids defiance
To latch or ward: in vain I prove
Your powers—the strong bolts will not move.
Mysterious, in the blaze of day,
Nature pursues her tranquil way:

The veil she wears, if hand profane
Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain,
Though from her spirit thine receives,
When hushed it listens and believes,
Secrets—revealed, else vainly sought,
Her free gift when man questions not,—
Think not with levers or with screws
To wring them out if she refuse.

Old Furniture—cumbrous and mean!
It is not, has not ever been
Of use to me—why here? because
My father's furniture it was!
—Old Roll; and here it still remains,
And soiled with smoke, its very stains
Might count how many a year the light
Hath, from this desk, through the dead night,
Burn'd in its sad lamp, nothing bright!
—'Twere better did I dissipate,
Long since, my little means, than be
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight:
All that thy fathers leave to thee,
At once ENJOY it—thus alone
Can man make any thing his own;
A hindrance all that we employ not—
A burden all that we enjoy not.
HE knows, who rightly estimates,

That what the moment can employ,
What it requires and can enjoy,
The MOMENT for itself creates.

What can it be, that thither draws
The eye, and holds it there, as though
The flask a very magnet were?
And whence, oh, whence this lavish glow,
This lustre of enchanted light,
Pour'd down at once, and every where—
Birth of the moment—like the flood
Of splendour round us, when at night
Breathes moonlight over a wide wood?

Oh phial!—happy phial!—here
Hope is,—I greet thee,—I revere
Thee as Art's best result—in Thee
Science and Mind triumphant see,—
Essence of all sweet slumber-dews!
Spirit of all most delicate
Yet deadliest powers!—be thou my friend—
A true friend—thou wilt not refuse
Thine own old master this!—I gaze
On thee—the pain subsides—the weight
That pressed me down less heavy weighs.

I grasp thee—faithful friend art thou:—
Already do I feel the strife

That preyed upon my powers of life
Calmed into peace ; and now—and now
The swell, that troubled the clear spring
Of my vext spirit, ebbs away ;
Outspread, like ocean, Life and Day
Shine with a glow of welcoming ;—
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles from other skies !

And, lo ! a car of fire to me
Glides softly hither ; from within
Come winged impulses, to bear
The child of earth to freer air :
Already do I seem to win
My happy course, from bondage free,
On paths unknown, to climes unknown,
Glad spheres of pure activity !
Powers yet unfelt—worlds yet untrod—
And life, poured every where abroad,
And rapture worthy of a God !
—Worm that thou art, and can it be
Such joy is thine, is given to thee ?
Determine only,—'tis thy own ;
Say thy firm farewell to the sun,
The kindly sun—its smiling earth—
One moment, one,—and all is done,—
One pang—then comes the second birth !

—Find life where others fear to die;
Take measure of thy strength, and burst—
Burst wide the gate of liberty;
—Show, by man's acts man's spirit durst
Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim;
Stand fearless, face to face with Him!

Shudder not now at that blank cave
Where, in self-torturing disease,
Pale Fancy hears sad Spirits rave,
And is herself the hell she sees.
—Press through the strait, where stands Despair
Guarding it, and the fiery wave
Boils up,—and know no terror there!
Determine;—be of happy cheer
In this high hour—be thy advance
The proud step of a triumph-day;
—Be firm, and cast away all fear;—
And freely,—if such be the chance—
Flow into nothingness away!

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou!
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet; years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,

Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup;
Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
Of curious carving, and the merry task
Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask
Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed;
The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
All now are with me: all, that of old times
Can speak, are speaking to my heart; the nights
Of boyhood, and their manifold delights;
Oh! never more to gay friend sitting next
Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me
Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,
And into meaning read each mystery;
This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
Will set it thinking in another mood;
Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood;
It is my choice; I mixed it, and will drink:
My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn.

[*He places the goblet to his mouth*

Bells heard, and voices in chorus.

EASTER HYMN.—*Chorus of* ANGELS.

Christ is from the grave arisen,
Joy is His. For Him the weary
Earth hath ceased its thraldom dreary,
And the cares that prey on mortals :
He hath burst the grave's stern portals ;
The grave is no prison :
The Lord hath arisen !

Faust. Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and heavenly !
How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
The cup uplifted from the eager lips !
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn ?
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation ?
That song, which once, from angel lips resounding
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard,
The pledge and proof of a new covenant !

HYMN *continued.*—*Chorus of* WOMEN.

We laid Him for burial
'Mong aloes and myrrh ;
His children and friends
Laid their dead Master here !

All wrapt in His grave-dress,
We left Him in fear—
Ah! where shall we seek Him?
The Lord is not here!

Chorus of ANGELS.

The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer;
Temptation hath tried Him,
But He was the stronger.
Happy, happy victory!
Love, submission, self-denial
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial;
The grave is no prison:
The Lord hath arisen.

Faust. Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild, most powerful,
What seek ye here?—Why will ye come to me
In dusty gloom immersed?—Oh! rather speak
To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
I hear your message, but I have not faith—
And Miracle is fond Faith's favourite child!
I cannot force myself into the spheres,
Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,

Even now they call me back again to life:
Oh! once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love
Showered down upon me, with mysterious kiss
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Yearnings for something that I knew not of,
Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells
Mingled—a prayer was burning ecstasy—
Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods;
Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
Of a new life and a new world for me;
These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
This music welcomed in the happy spring;
And now am I once more a little child,
And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of Heaven!
Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again.

HYMN *continued.—Chorus of* DISCIPLES.

He, who was buried,
  Hath burst from the grave!
From death re-assuming
  The life that He gave,
Is risen in glory,
  Is mighty to save!

And onward—still onward
Arising, ascending,
To the right hand of Power
And Joy never-ending.

Enthroned in brightness,
His labours are over;
On earth His disciples
Still struggle and suffer!

His children deserted
Disconsolate languish—
Thou art gone, and to glory—
Hast left us in anguish!

Chorus of ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
The Lord hath ascended;
The dominion of death
And corruption is ended.

Your work of obedience
Haste to begin;
Break from the bondage
Of Satan and Sin.

In your lives HIS laws obey
Let love your governed bosoms sway—
Blessings to the poor convey,

To GOD with humble spirit pray,
To MAN His benefits display:
Act thus, and He, your MASTER dear,
Though unseen, is ever near!

BEFORE THE GATE.

Persons of all descriptions strolling out

A Party of Tradesmen. What are you going for in that direction?

Second Party. We are going to the Jägerhaus.

First Party. And we
Are strolling down to the Mill.

A Tradesman. I would advise you
Rather to take a walk to the Wasserhof.

A Second. The road to it is not a pleasant one.

Second Party. What are you for?

A Third. I go with the other party.

A Fourth. Take my advice, and let us come to Burgdorf:
There, any way, we shall be sure of finding
The prettiest girls, and the brownest beer,
And lots of rows in the primest style.

A Fifth. What, boy,
Art at it still? two drubbings, one would think,
Might satisfy a reasonable man.
I won't go there with you—I hate the place!

Servant Maid. No! no!—not I—I'll go back to the town.

Another. We'll find him surely waiting at the poplars.

The First. Great good is that to me,—he'll give his arm
To you—and dance with you—and why should I go
For nothing in the world but your amusement?

The Second. To-day he'll certainly not be alone,
His curly-headed friend will be with him.

Student. Look there—look there—how well those girls step out—
Come, brother, come let's keep them company.
Stiff beer, biting tobacco, and a girl
In her smart dress, are the best things I know.

Citizen's Daugh. Only look there—what pretty fellows these are!
'Tis quite a shame, when they might have the best
Of company, to see them running after
A pair of vulgar minxes—servant girls.

Second Stu. [*to the first*]. Stay, easy—here are two fine girls behind us,
Showily dressed. I know one of them well—
And, I may say, am half in love with her.
Innocent things! with what a modest gait
And shy step they affect to pace; and yet,
For all their bashfulness, they'll take us with them.

First Stu. Join them, yourself—not I—I hate restraint.
Let us not lose time with them, or the game escapes,
Give me the girl that gives a man no trouble,

That on the week-days does her week-day work,
And, the day after, work that she loves better.

Citizen. Well, I do not like this new burgomaster.
Not a day passes but he grows more insolent,
Forsooth! presuming on his dignity.
And what good is he to us after all?
The town is growing worse from day to day,
They are more strict upon us now than ever,
And raise continually the rates and taxes.

Beggar [*sings*].

Masters good, and ladies bright,
Rosy-cheeked, and richly dressed,
Look upon a wretched sight,
And relieve the poor distressed:
Let me not in vain implore!
Pity me!—with chime and voice
Would I cheer you—let the poor
When all else are glad, rejoice!
I must beg, for I must live.
Help me! blessed they who give!
When all other men are gay
Is the beggar's harvest day.

Second Cit. Well! give me, on a saint's day, or a Sunday,
When we have time for it, a tale of war
And warlike doings far away in Turkey—
How they are busy killing one another.
'Tis pleasant to stand gazing from the window,

Draining your glass at times, and looking on
The painted barges calmly gliding down
The easy river. Then the homeward walk
In the cool evening hour; this makes the heart
Glad, and at peace with all things and itself.
Yes! give me peace at home, and peaceful times!

Third Cit. Ay, so say I—break every head abroad—
Turn all things topsy-turvy, so they leave us
Quiet at home.

Old Woman [*to the* CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS]. Ha! but you are nicely dressed,
And very pretty creatures—you'll win hearts
To-day—ay, that you will—only don't look
So very proud—yes! that is something better—
I know what my young pets are wishing for,
And thinking of, and they shall have it too!

Citizen's Dau. Come, Agatha, come on—I'd not be seen
With the old witch in public; yet she showed me,
On last St. Andrew's night, in flesh and blood,
My future lover.

The Other. In the glass she showed
Me mine. The figure was a soldier's, and
With him a band of gay bold fellows. Since,
I have been looking round, and seeking for him,
But all in vain—'tis folly—he won't come.

Soldier. Towns with turrets, walls, and fences,

Maidens with their haughty glances,
These the soldier seeks with ardour,
Say to conquer which is harder?
Death and danger he despises,
When he looks upon the prizes.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
And his prize is fame and beauty.

Rush we, at the trumpet's measure,
With blithe hearts to death and pleasure;
How the soldier's blood is warming
When we think of cities storming!
Fortress strong, and maiden tender,
Must alike to us surrender.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

Faust. River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white
Mocking a little while the coming bloom—
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—
Every where life—every where vegetation

All nature animate with glowing hues—
Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses!
Turn round, and from this height look back upon
The town: from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!
All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
A resurrection too—so changed are they,
So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—
From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
And the oppression of confining streets,
And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—
All are abroad—all happy in the sun.
Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
Through fields and gardens they disperse themselves!
How the wide water, far as we can see,
Is joyous with innumerable boats!
See, there, one almost sinking with its load,
Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths
Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!
And, hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!
This is the people's very heaven on earth!

The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
Here may I feel that I too am a man!

Wag. Doctor, to steal about with you, 'tis plain
Is creditable, brings its own great gain.
But otherwise, I'd never throw away
My time in such a place. I so detest
Everything vulgar—hear them! how they play
Their creaking fiddles—hark the kettle-drums;
And their damned screaming to the ear that comes
Worse, if 'twere possible, than all the rest.
They rave like very devils let loose on earth—
This they call singing!—this, they say, is mirth!

Peasants. [*dancing and singing.*] The shepherd for the dance is drest
In ribands, wreath, and flashy vest;
Round and round like mad they spin
To the fiddle's lively din.
All are dancing full of glee,
All beneath the linden tree.

'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

Soon he runs to join the rest;
Up to a pretty girl he prest;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise,

Up she raised her timid eyes!
"'Tis strange that you should use me so,

So, so—heigh-ho—
'Tis rude of you to use me so."

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!

"And do not make so free," she said;
"I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel"—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark! again, the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden tree.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

Old Peas. This, doctor, is so kind of you,
A man of rank and learning too;
Who, but yourself, would condescend
Thus with the poor, the poor man's friend,

To join our sports? In this brown cheer
Accept the pledge we tender here,
A draught of life may it become
And years on years, oh! may you reach,
As cheerful as these beads of foam,
As countless, too, a year for each!

Faust. Blest be the draught restorative!
I pledge you—happy may you live!

[*The people collect in a circle round him.*

Old Peas. Yes! witness thou the poor man's glee,
And share in his festivity:
In this hath fortune fairly dealt
With him who, in the evil day
Of the black sickness, with us dwelt,
When Plague was numbering his prey—
In strength and health how many gather
To this day's pastimes, whom thy father
Rescued from death in that last stage,
When the disease, tired out at length
Is followed by the fever's rage,
And prostrate sinks the vital strength;
And you, too, in that time of dread
And death, a young man, visited
Each house of sickness:—evermore,
Day after day, the black hearse bore
Corse after corse—still, day by day,
The good man held his fearless way

Unscathed; for God a blessing gave,
And saved the man who sought to save.

All. For thee, tried friend, our prayers we raise,
And, when we wish thee length of days,
'Tis for himself that each man prays.

Faust. In thanks to the great Father bend,
We are but servants to extend
Blessings, that flow from man's one Friend.

[*Goes on with* WAGNER.

Wag. With what a sense of pure delight,
Master, must thou enjoy the sight
Of this vast crowd, and the unchecked
Expression of their deep respect!
Oh, happy he, who thus to Heaven
Can render back the talents given!
The pious father points thee out
To his young folk—they gaze, and ask,
And gaze again—and crowd about.
The blithe musician in his task
Pauses—the dancers turn to thee,
And gather into rows to see
The man they honour passing by—
And then the gratulating shout—
And then the caps flung up on high:
They almost worship thee—almost
Would bend the knee as to the Host.

Faust. To yonder rock is but a few steps on—

After our long walk we may rest us there.

Here oft I've sate to muse; here all alone
By vigil, fast, and agonies of prayer
—In Hope then rich, in Faith unwavering,
With tears and sighs, here was I wont to pray,
—And supplicating hands, as though to wring
From Him in heaven that He the plague would stay.
To me the praise I hear is mockery.
Oh! that you could into my bosom gaze,
Read written there how little worthy we,
Father or son, of these poor people's praise.
My father, a reserved and moody man
On Nature's holy circles still would pore,
With honest ardour, after some strange plan
That pleased his fancy, toiling evermore.
And he would shut himself in secret cell,
One or two adepts always at his side,
Quaint recipes with fire and crucible,
In this dark kitchen evermore he tried,
Watching for the great moment's birth that might
Antagonistic elements unite.
There in the gentle bath a Lion Red,
Bold wooer he—was to the Lily wed;
And both were, while the furnace fire raged bright;
Hurried in torture on from bed to bed.
If in the glass was given us to behold

The Young Queen rise in colours manifold,
Here was the medicine—the patients died.
None asked "Who took it and remained alive?"
—Thus in these mountains—in these valleys wide,
Our cure was than the plague a plague more fierce.
To thousands have I given the poison—they
Have withered—they are dead—and I survive
To hear praise lavished on their murderers.

Wag. How can this be so painful? What can men
Do more than in their practice still obey
The precepts of the science of their day?
What you have from your father heard was then
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
You in your day extend the limit-line
Of science; in due time your son will take
His place—and for himself discoveries make
Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine
Impossible. If so then, why this grief?

Faust. Happy who still hath hope to rise above
This sea of error; strange that we in vain
Seek knowledge each day needs: the knowledge of
What never can avail us we attain.
But with such musings let us sadden not
This sweet hour! see, where, in the sunset, gleam
The village huts with green trees smiling round
Each cottage in its own small garden plot.
But the Sun sinks—day dies, and it would seem

With day the Sun. But still doth he survive,
Still speeds he on with life-diffusing beam—
Oh, that no wing uplifts me from the ground,
Nearer and nearer after him to strive!
Then should I the reposing world behold
Still in this everlasting evening glow.
The hill-tops kindling all—the vales at rest—
The silver brooklet in its silent flow
To where the yellow splendour of the West
On the far river lies in trembling gold.
In vain the rugged mountain rears his breast,
With darkening cliff and cave to bar my way,
Onward in heaven, still onward is my flight,
And now wide ocean, with each fervid bay,
In sudden brightness breaks upon my sight,
Till sinking seems at last the god of day.
Then the new instinct wakens, and I breathe
Heaven still—still drink of his undying light.
Before me day—behind me is the night—
Above me heaven—and the wide wave beneath.
A glorious dream—illusion brief and bright—
For while I yet am dreaming he is gone.
Alas! from its captivity of earth,
The body hath no wing whereon to rise,
And with the winged spirit voyage on:
And yet will every one of human birth
The feeling in our nature recognize,

That for a moment with a sense of wings
Uplifts us, bears us onward and away,
When high above, in blue space lost, his lay
Thrilling the skylark sings.
When over piny headlands, savage steeps,
Outspread the eagle sweeps.
And over moorlands, over main,
Homeward, homeward strives the crane.

Wag. I, too, of reverie oft have had my moods,
But impulse such as this they never bring.
The eye soon has enough of fields and woods;
I never had a wish for a bird's wing—
Far other are the thinking man's delights,
From book to book, from leaf to leaf they lead,
And bright and cheerful are his winter nights.
Life, happy life, warms every limb—Unroll,
At such charmed hour, some precious parchment scroll,
All heaven descends upon you as you read.

Faust. You feel but the one impulse now—oh learn
Never to know the other! in my breast
Alas! two souls dwell—all there is unrest;
Each with the other strives for mastery,
Each from the other struggles to be free.
One to the fleshly joys the coarse earth yields,
With clumsy tendrils clings, and one would rise
In native power and vindicate the fields,
Its own by birthright—its ancestral skies.

Oh! if indeed Spirits be in the air,
Moving 'twixt heaven and earth with lordly wings,
Come from your golden "incense-breathing" sphere,
Waft me to new and varied life away.
Oh! had I but a magic cloak to bear
At will to far off lands the wanderer,
How little would I prize the rich array
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

Wag. Call not the well-known army. Of dusk air,
A living stream, the middle space they fill,
And danger manifold for man prepare,
For ever active in the work of ill.
From all sides pour they on us—from the north,
With piercing fangs, with arrow-pointed tongues,
And from the sunrise region speed they forth,
In the dry wind to feast upon the lungs.
If from the desolate parched wilderness
The midday send them out with fervid glow,
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain,
A cloudy vapour from the west they flow,
Descend in what would seem refreshing rain,
Then in fierce torrents down on thee they press,
And deluge garden, meadow-field, and plain.
Ready for evil with delight they hear,
They lurk and listen—gladly they obey
Man's invitation—gladly they betray
Such summoner—in mischief they rejoice,

Ambassadors from heaven itself appear,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
But let's away—the air grows chill—the dew
Is falling—and the dusk of night has come.
Towards night we first have the true feel of home.
What keeps you standing there?—Why that intent
Stare—why that look of such astonishment?
What do you see that fastens thus on you?

Faust. Do you see that black dog, where through the green blades
Of the soft springing corn, and the old stubble,
He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

Wag. I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him
As any way strange.

Faust. Look at him carefully,
What do you take the brute to be?

Wag. Why, nothing
But a poor fool of a poodle, puzzling out
His master's track whom I suppose he has lost.

Faust. Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer
Each turn,—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

Wag. I can see nothing more than a black dog;
It may be some deception of your eyes.

Faust. Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
Hereafter to entangle and ensnare!

Wag. In doubt and fear the poodle's leaping round us,
Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

Faust. The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis,—
He's very near us !

Wag. 'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spirit ; see, he snarls at strangers,
Shies, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
As all dogs do.

Faust. We'll bring him home with us.—
Come, pretty fellow !

Wag. He's a merry dog,—
If you stand, he stands up and waits for you,—
Speak to him, and he straight leaps up upon you,—
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
Or plunge into the water for your stick.

Faust. You're right. I see no traces of the Spirit
In him—

Wag. A dog, well tutored, learns the art
To win upon a good man's heart ;—
Wise men grow fond of them—and see,
Our friend already follows thee—
Soon shall we see the happy creature,
Prime favourite, round the doctor skip :
With every student for his teacher,
How can we doubt his scholarship ?

[*They enter the town gate.*

SCENE.—FAUST'S *Study.*

Enter FAUST, *with the Dog.*

Faust. The fields we roamed through with delight,
Are hidden now in the deep night ;
Within us felt the thrilling hour,
Awakes man's better soul to power :
Hushed the desires of the wild will,
And action's stormy breath is still—
LOVE stirs around us and abroad,
The love of MAN, the love of GOD.

Rest, poodle, rest—lie down in quiet !
Why runs he up and down the floor ?
What can it be he looks so shy at,
Smelling and snuffling at the door ?
Pleasant wert thou in our mountain ramble,
Didst make us merry with trick and gambol,
Go to sleep on the cushion—a soft snug nest—
Take thy ease, in thine inn, like a welcome guest.

When in our narrow cell each night,
The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
Then from the bosom doubt and fear
Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear—
Then reason re-assumes her reign,
And hope begins to bloom again,
And in the hush of outward strife,

We seem to hear the streams of life,
And seek, alas!—in vain essay—
Its hidden fountain far away.

Cease dog, to growl! the beastly howl of the hound
But ill accords with the pure breathing of
Heaven—with the holy tones—all peace and love
That to the heart unbidden way have found.
With men 'tis common to contemn,
Whatever is too good, too fair,
Too high to be conceived by them,
And is't that like those wretched carles,
This dog, at what he understands not, snarls?

These withering thoughts, do what I will,
They come—the fountain of the heart is chill.
—How oft have I experienced change like this!
Yet is it not unblest in the event;
For, seeking to supply the natural dearth,
We learn to prize things loftier than the earth,
And the heart seeks support and light from heaven.
And such support and light—oh, is it given
Any where but in the New Testament?
Strong impulse sways me now to look to the text
On which all rests, and honestly translate
The holy original into mine own
Dear native tongue.

[*He opens a volume and prepares to write.*

—'Tis written—"In the Beginning was the Word."—
Already at a stand—and how proceed?
Who helps me? Is the Word to have such value,
Impossible—if by the spirit guided.
Once more—"In the Beginning was the Thought."—
Consider the first line attentively,
Lest hurrying on the pen outrun the meaning.
Is it *Thought* that works in all, and that makes all?
—It should stand rather thus—"In the Beginning
Was the Power."—yet even as I am writing this
A something warns me we cannot rest there.
The Spirit aids me—all is clear—and boldly
I write, In the Beginning was the Act.

—Cease, teasing dog, this angry howl,
These moans dissatisfied and dull,—
Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
Noise like this I cannot suffer,—
One of us must leave the closet, if
You still keep growling—that is positive;
To use a guest so is not pleasant,
But none could bear this whine incessant!
But can what I see be real,
Or is all some trick ideal?
Tis surely something more than nature,—
Form is changed, and size, and stature,
Larger, loftier, erecter,

This seeming dog must be a spectre ;—
With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,
Like an hippopotamus,
—And here to bring this whelp of hell,
Oh, at last, I know thee well,
For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
Nought's like the key of SOLOMON.

SPIRITS *without.*

One is in prison:
Listen to reason:
Venture not on:
Where he hath gone
Follow him none:
Watch we all! watch we well!
The old lynx of hell
Has fallen in the snare,
Is trapped unaware,
Like a fox in the gin;
He is in: he is in:
Stay we without,
Sweep we about,
Backward and forward,
Southward and norward,
Our colleague assisting,
His fetters untwisting,
Lightening their pressure
By mystical measure;

At our motions and voices,
Our brother rejoices,
For us hath he offered,
His safety, and suffered;
We are his debtors,
Let's loosen his fetters.

Faust. To conquer him must I rehearse,
First that deep mysterious verse,
Which each elemental spirit,
Of the orders four, who hear it,
Trembling, will confess and fear it.

Scorching SALAMANDER, burn,
NYMPH OF WATER, twist and turn,
Vanish, SYLPH, to thy far home,
Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME.

He is but a sorry scholar,
To whom each elemental ruler,
Their acts and attributes essential,
And their influence potential,
And their sympathies auxiliar,
Are not matters quite familiar;
Little knows he, little merits
A dominion over Spirits.

Fiery SALAMANDER, wither
In the red flame's fiery glow!

Rushing, as waves rush together,
WATER-NYMPH, in water flow!
Gleamy SYLPH OF AIR, glance, fleeter,
And more bright, than midnight meteor!
Slave of homely drudgery,
Lubber INCUBUS, flee, flee
To the task that waits for thee!
Spirit, that within the beast
Art imprisoned, be released!
Kingly sway hath SOLOMON
Over subject spirits won;
—Forth!—obey the spell and seal
Elemental natures feel!

By Spirits of a different kind,
Is the brute possessed, I find;
Grinning he lies, and mocks the charm
That has no power to work him harm.
Spectre! by a stronger spell
Thy obedience I compel—

If thou be a serf of Satan,
A follower of the fallen great one,
Deserter from hell,
I conjure and charm thee,
By the sign and the spell,
To which bows the black army.

See how he swells—how the hair bristles there!

Outcast creature, see the sign
Of the Human and Divine.
Bow before the Uncreated,
Whom the world has seen and hated:
Canst thou read Him? Canst thou see?
Dread to hear me name His name,
Through all Heaven diffused is He,
Died on earth a death of shame.

Ha! with terror undissembled,
Methinks the brute at last has trembled;
As behind the stove he lies,
See him swell and see him pant;
And his bristles how they rise
As he rouses,—and his size
Large as is the elephant—
Larger yet the room he crowds,—
He will vanish in the clouds.
—Spare the roof in thy retreat,
Lie down at the master's feet.
Thou shalt feel the scorching glow
(Mine is not an idle threat)
Of the heat divine—shalt know
Pangs of fiercer torment yet.
—Still resisting?—Tarry not
For the three-times glowing light,
Blaze beyond endurance bright—

Reluctantly must I at length
Speak the spell of greatest strength.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *comes forward, as the mist sinks, in the dress of a travelling scholar, from behind the stove.*

Meph. Why all this uproar? is there any thing
In my poor power to serve you?

Faust. This then was
The poodle's kernel—travelling scholar—psha!—
A most strange case of the kind—I cannot but
Laugh when I think of it.

Meph. Most learned master,
Your humble servant—you've been broiling me
After a pretty fashion—sweated me
To the very vengeance. I'm in a fine stew.

Faust. Your name?

Meph. A frivolous enquiry this from you—
From one who rates the word so low?
Who, disregarding outward show,
Would look into the essence of the being—

Faust. With you oftentimes the name
And essence is, I trow, the same,
The name and nature of the being
All one—in nothing disagreeing.
Thus, one is called the god of flies—
One the SEDUCER—one the LIAR.
Now, good, my friend, may I enquire
Your name?

Meph. Part of the power that would
Still do evil—still does good.

Faust. What may this riddle mean?

Meph. I am the spirit that evermore denies,
And rightly so—for all that doth arise
Deserves to perish—this, distinctly seeing—
No! say I, No! to everything that tries
To bubble into being.
My proper element is what you name
Sin, Dissolution,—in a word, the Bad.

Faust. You call yourself
A part, yet stand before me whole.

Meph. I speak
The truth—the modest truth—though Man may call
—Poor fool-world Man—in his aspirings high,
Himself a Whole—the Whole—I am not—I
Am part of a part which part at the first was All,
Part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light;
Proud Light that now would from her rank displace
Maternal Night—and wars with her for space,
Yet is no gainer—for, strive as it will,
Light clings—imprisoned slave—to Bodies still.
It streams from Bodies—it makes Bodies bright—
A body intercepts it in its course;
This gives the hope that Light may too perforce
When Bodies perish be extinguished quite.

Faust. A creditable line of business this;

Your Nothing nothing has unmade, I wis
The great projector sees his projects fail,
And would do business on a smaller scale.

Meph. And even in this way little do I gain,
Against this Nothing the coarse Somewhat will
Obtrude. The rude World contradicts me still.
The clumsy lump of filth in proud resistance
Asserting undeniable existence,
I have been pounding at it all in vain.
I have tried deluge, tempest, thunder, and
Lightnings—at rest you see it still remain
Inviolate—the self-same sea and land.
On the damned stuff,—rank spawn of man and beast,
I can make no impression—not the least.
What crowds on crowds I've buried—little good—
It but sets circulating fresh young blood.
On they go—on, replenishing, renewing,
It drives me mad to see the work that's doing.
From water, air, earth, germs of life unfold,
Thousands in dry and damp, in warm and cold—
Flame still is mine—I've kept that—Flame alone,
Else were there nothing specially my own.

Faust. Is it thou?—thou standing there?—thou to resist
The healthful energy, the animation,
The force that moves and moulds, and is creation—
In vain spite clenching that cold devil's fist?
Strange son of Chaos this may well move laughter.

Meph. Well—this point we may talk about hereafter—
But now, with your permission, I would go.

Faust. That you can, whether I permit or no,
Why ask me? Now that you have found your way,
I hope to see you often here. Good day!——
This is the window—that the door—and yonder
The chimney. Why thus stare about and ponder?

Meph. I am not free: a little obstacle,
I did not see, confines me to your cell,—
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

Faust. The pentagram?—is it not to your taste?
But, son of hell, if this indeed be so,
How came you in, I should be glad to know,—
How was it, that the charm no earlier wrought?

Meph. The lines were not as perfect as they ought:
The outer angle's incomplete.

Faust. Well—'twas a pleasant evening's feat—
A most unlooked-for accident—
Strange prize, and yet more strangely sent.

Meph. The dog, without perceiving it,
Leaped in—the devil has somehow
Seen it—is in the house—and now
Can find no way of leaving it.

Faust. Why not the window?

Meph. Why?—because
It is enacted in the laws
Which binds us devils and phantoms, "that

Whatever point we enter at,
We at the same return:"—thus we
In our first choice are ever free;—
Choose, and the right of choice is o'er,
We, who were free, are free no more.

Faust. Hell has its codes of law then—well,
I will think better now of hell.
If laws be binding and obeyed,
Then compacts with you may be made.

Meph. Made and fulfilled, too—nowhere better—
We keep our compacts to the letter;
But points of law like this require
Some time and thought—are apt to tire,
And I am hurried—we may treat
On them at leisure when we meet
Again—but now I ask permission
To go.

Faust. One moment—I am wishing
To question further one who brings
Good news, and tells such pleasant things.

Meph. Let me go now—I come again,
You may ask any question then.

Faust. Ay, old fox, ay, come catch me there—
I laid no net—I set no snare,
And if you walked into the trap—
'Twas your own act, and my good hap;
Luck like this can hardly last—
Catch the devil and keep him fast—

Part with a prize, on which none could have reckoned!
The first chance gone, pray who will give a second?

Meph. If you insist on it—I stay;
And just to while the hours away,
I would amuse you, as I may;
For I have pleasant arts and power,
With shows to while the passing hour.

Faust. If it be pleasant, try your art—
As audience I will play my part.

Meph. In one hour shall more intense
Pleasure flow on every sense,
Than the weary year could give.
In such life as here you live—
The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
The images they bring to thee,
Are no empty exhibition
Of the skill of a magician;
Pictures fair and music's tone,
Speak to eye and ear alone;
But odours sweet around thee sporting,
Lingering tastes thy palate courting,
Feelings gratified, enraptured,
All thy senses shall be captured.
Preparation need not we—
Spirits, begin your melody.

Spirits [*sing*]. Vanish, dark arches,
That over us bend,
Let the blue sky in beauty

Look in like a friend.
Oh, that the black clouds
Asunder were riven,
That the small stars were brightening
All through the wide heaven!
And look at them smiling
And sparkling in splendour,
Suns, but with glory
More placid and tender;
Children of heaven,
In spiritual beauty,
Descending, and bending
With billowy motion,
Downward are thronging,
Willing devotion
Flowing to meet them,
Loving hearts longing,
Sighing to greet them.
O'er field and o'er flower,
On bank and in bower,
The folds of their bright robes
In breezy air streaming,
Where loving ones living
In love's thoughtful dreaming,
Their fond hearts are giving
For ever away.

Bower on bower,
Tendril and flower;
Clustering grapes,
The vine's purple treasure,
Have fallen in the wine-vat,
And bleed in its pressure—
Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
Over agate and amethyst,
Rolls from its fountain,
Leaving behind it
Meadow and mountain,
And the hill-slopes smile greener, far down where it breaks
Into billowy streamlets, or lingers in lakes.
And the winged throng, drinking deep of delight
From the rivers of joy, are pursuing their flight.
Onward and onward,
Wings steering sun-ward,
Where the bright islands, with magical motion,
Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean.
Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
As over land or over waters
Chance the idle parties scatters:
Some upon the far hills gleaming,
Some along the bright lakes streaming,
Some their forms in air suspending,

Float in circles never-ending.
The one spirit of enjoyment,
Aim, and impulse, and employment;
All would breathe in the far distance
Life, free life of full existence
With the gracious stars above them,
Smiling down to say they love them.

Meph. He sleeps,—thanks to my little favourites—
Why ye have fairly sung away his wits,
And so he thought the devil to catch and keep!—
Well, well, I am a concert in your debt—
Still cloud with dreams his unsuspecting sleep,
Antic and wild!—still in illusion steep
His fancy!—hover round and round him yet,
Haply dreaming, that I am
Prisoner of the pentagram!
—Tooth of rat . . . gets rid of that . . .
Gnawing, sawing, bit by bit,
Till there be no trace of it;—
Little need of conjuring,
Rats to such a place to bring;
One is rustling in the wall,
He will hear my whispered call—

The master of the Mice and Rats,
Flies and Frogs, and Bugs and Bats,
Sends his summons to appear;—

Forth! and gnaw the threshold here ;—
He hath spilt the fragrant oil,
Till it vanish tooth must toil :—
— Sir Rat hath heard me—see him run
To the task that soon is done ;
Yonder angle 'tis, confines
Your master—gnaw the meeting-lines :—
Now the corner, near the door,
All is done in one bite more.

The prisoner and the pentagram are gone,
Dream, FAUST, until we meet again, dream on!

Faust. [*awaking*]. Am I again deceived?—and must I deem
These gorgeous images, but phantoms shaped
In the delusion of a lying dream?
And so there was no devil at all, 'twould seem—
And it was but a poodle that escaped!

FAUST'S *Study.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. A knock!—Come in—who now comes to torment me?

Meph. 'Tis I.

Faust. Come in.

Meph. You must command me thrice.

Faust. Come in, then.

Meph. That will do—I'm satisfied—
We soon shall be the best friends in the world. [*Enters.*
From your mind to scatter wholly
The mists of peevish melancholy,
Hither come I now, and bear
Of a young lord the noble air,
And mask me in his character;
My dress is splendid, you behold,
Blazing with the ruddy gold,
With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
And the long sword hanging by my side,
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
I'm a fine fellow altogether.
And now, my friend, without delay,
Equip yourself in like array,
That, light and free, you thus may see
Life's many pleasures what they be!

Faust. In every dress alike I can but feel
Life the same torture, earth the self-same prison;
For your light pleasures I am all too old,
Too young to have the sting of passion dead,
The world—what can it give? "Refrain, refrain!"
This is the everlasting song—the chime
Perpetually jingling in all ears,
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
To see another day, which, in its course,

Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!
The teasing crowd of small anxieties,
That each day brings, have frittered into dust
All joy, until the very hope of joy
Is something, that the heart has ceased to feel;—
And life's poor masquerade—vapid and wayward,
And worthless as it is—breaks in upon,
And dissipates, the world, which for itself
The lonely man's imagination builds;
— And, when the night is come, with heavy heart
Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
Hideous and scaring. The in-dwelling spirit,
Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
But has no power to move external nature;
And therefore is existence burdensome,
And death desirable, and life detested.

Meph. Yet Death's a guest not altogether welcome.

Faust. Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour
Of splendour, Death around his temples binds
The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he,
Whom, after the fast whirl of the mad dance,
Death in his true love's arms reposing finds.
Would that I too had, in such rapturous trance,
My individual being lost in his
Dissolved before that lofty Spirit's might,
Past, soul and sense absorbed, away for ever!

Meph. And yet that night I've seen a certain man
Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!

Faust. A spy too—peering—prying—is it not so?

Meph. I know not ALL, but many things I know.

Faust. And if from harrowing thoughts the rich old chaunt
Did win me; and the old remembered words,
And the old music, like a spell recalling
Faded remembrances;—if in the trance
All that remained of my boy's heart was captive
To the charmed echo of more happy days—
Know I not—feel I not it was illusion?
We are but what the senses make of us,
And this and all illusion do I curse,
All that beguiles us, man or boy—that winds
Over the heart its nets and chains us here
In thraldom down or voluntary trance,
This magic jugglery, that fools the soul—
These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it!
Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts
That man conceives of his own attributes!
And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
The false delusive images of things
That slave and mock the senses! cursed be
The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think
Of me—of deathless and enduring names!
Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
We call our own,—wife, child, and slave, and plough;—

Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
He smoothes the couch of indolent repose;
A curse upon the sweet grape's balmy juice,
And the passionate joys of love, man's highest joys—
And cursed be all hope and all belief;
And cursed, more than all, man's tame endurance.

Song of invisible SPIRITS.

Woe, woe! thou hast destroyed it!
This beautiful world:
Mighty his hand, who dealt
The blow thro' Nature felt.
Earth withers:
A demigod cursed it—
A shock from the Spirit that shaped and enjoyed it;
A blight from the bosom that nursed it;
The fragments we sweep down Night's desolate steep,
The fading glitter we mourn and we weep!

Proud and powerful
Son of earth,
To second birth,
Call again the pageant splendid—
Oh, restore what thou hast rended—
Be no more the wreck thou art—
Recommence, with clearer sense,

And build within thy secret heart;
Re-create, with better fate,
Another world on firmer ground,
And far and near, and all around,
With songs of joy and triumphing,
Heaven and the happy earth shall ring.

Meph. Listen to the witching lay!
Wise and wily ones be they;
Little ones of mine, and good
Children are they—sly and shrewd:
Childlike are their voices—age
Never uttered words more sage;
Active life—the joys of sense
Counsels all experience,—
And my little ones do well,
Courting thee 'mong men to dwell,
Far from this monastic cell;
Where passions and young blood together
In solitude grow dry and wither.
Oh, listen, and let charms like these
Thy feelings and thy fancy seize.
Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,
Which like a vulture preys upon thy life;
The worst society will make thee feel
That thou, too, art a man, and among men—
Not that I mean to mix you with the rabble.
I'm not myself one of the higher orders;
But if you will in company with me

See life, I will contrive to manage matters,
And make arrangements to convenience you,
Cheerfully—from this moment am your comrade;
Or, if you like me, am your servant—nay,
Your slave.

Faust. And what must I give in return?

Meph. Oh, time enough to think of that hereafter.

Faust. No, no! the devil is selfish—very selfish—
Does nothing for God's sake or from good nature:
Come, out with your conditions, and speak plainly—
There's little luck, I trow, with such a servant.

Meph. I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding;
And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner thou shalt be my servant.

Faust. THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small concern;
When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms,
There may be others then, for aught I care.
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
And this sun shines upon my miseries!
And were I once divorced from them I care not
What may hereafter happen—of these things
I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
If man, in future life, still hates and loves;
If in those spheres there be, as well as here,
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
Debasement and superiority.

Meph. With feelings such as these you well may venture.

Make only the engagement, and at once
All will be pleasure—I have rare devices,
And of my craft will show thee many marvels,
Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up :
Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

Faust. Thou—what hast thou—poor devil? The mind of man,
Man's seeking—struggling spirit—hopes—aspirings
Infinite—are they things to be conceived
By natures such as thou art? Yet hast thou,
Poor devil, in thy degree a wherewithal
To wile and win us; delicates uncloying
Are—are they not?—among those lures of thine?
Yea! hast thou the red gold that restlessly
Like quicksilver slides from the hand—a game
At which none wins, yet is it play?—a girl
That with her lavish arms around my breast,
With willing eyes ogles and wooes another.
—And splendour hast thou?—rank—wilt give me these?
The starlight meteors of ambition's heav'n?
Aye! let me see this pleasant fruit of thine
That rots before we gather it—the trees
That each day bud and bloom anew.*

Meph. Fine things to fancy!—to be sure you shall
Have this or any thing you wish to ask for,—
Something less spiritual were something better;

* "The worlde that newcth every daie."—GOWER, *Confessio Amantis.*

But by and by we'll find the Doctor's taste
Improving,—we'll have our own pleasant places,
And our tit bits—and our snug little parties,
And—what will keep the Doctor's spirit quiet;—
—I promise you, you'll feel what comfort is.

Faust. Comfort and quiet!—no, no! none of these
For me—I ask them not—I seek them not.
If ever I upon the bed of sloth
Lie down and rest, then be the hour, in which
I so lie down and rest, my last of life.
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Delude me into self-complacent smiles,
Cheat me into tranquillity? come, then,
And welcome life's last day—be this our wager.

Meph. Done.

Faust. Done, say I clench we at once the bargain.
If ever time should flow so calmly on,
Soothing my spirits into such oblivion,
That in the pleasant trance I would arrest,
And hail the happy moment in its course,
Bidding it linger with me—"Oh, how fair
Art thou, delicious moment!"—"Happy days,
Why will ye flee?"—"Fair visions! yet a little
Abide with me, and bless me—fly not yet,"
Or words like these—then throw me into fetters—
Then willingly do I consent to perish;
Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;

Then is thy service at an end—and then
The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move—
For me be time then passed away for ever

Meph. Think well upon it—we will not forget.

Faust. Remember, or forget it, as you please;
I have resolved—and that not rashly: *here,*
While I remain, I needs must be a slave—
What matter, therefore, whether thine, or whose?

Meph. I'll then, belike, at the DOCTORS' Feast to-day
Attend, your humble friend and servitor.
Just one thing more—as life and death's uncertain,
I'd wish to have a line or two in writing,

Faust. And dost thou ask a writing, too, poor pedant?
Know you not Man? Man's nature? or Man's word?
Is it not enough that I have spoken it?
My very life—all that I have and am,
What is it but an echo of my word,
Pledge of the will that gives it utterance?
If words be nothing, what is writing more?
Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,—
Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
Raving regardlessly? roll they not on?
Must they not roll?—and can it be that I,
In this perpetual movement, shall not move—
Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise?
Yet in this fancy all believe alike:
If a delusion, all men are deluded—

And is there one that would be undeceived?
Truth and the feeling of integrity
Are of the heart's own essence—should they call
For sufferings, none repents the sacrifice.
Oh, happy he, whom Truth accompanies
In all his walks—from outward cumbrance free—
Pure of all soil—dwelling within the heart,
Light to his steps and guidance: oracle
To lead or to mislead, none doth he seek;
Consults no casuist, but an honest conscience;
Of sacrifices recks not, and repents not.
But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,
With seal and signature, all shrink from this
As something that offends and wounds our nature;
It robs, methinks, the words of all their life,
The letter, and that only binds us now;
Such virtue, and no other can it have,
As seal and stamp, as wax and parchment give—
But why?—why argue for it or against it?—
Is writing more than the unwritten word?
—What, evil one, what is it you require?
Brass? marble? parchment? paper?—do you wish
Graver or chisel? or plain pen and ink?—
Have which you please—any or all of them.

Meph. Why this excitement? why this waste of oratory?
These frantic gestures?—any scrap will do;—
Just scratch your name, there, in a drop of blood.

Faust. A silly farce—but if it gratifies you——

Meph. Blood it must be—blood has peculiar virtues.

Faust. Fear not that I will break this covenant:
The only impulse now that sways my powers,
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised!
I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,
My rank is not more high than thine; I am
Degraded and despised by the Great Spirit;
Nature is sealed from me; the web of thought
Is shattered; burst into a thousand threads;
I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge.
Now in the depths of sensuality
To still these burning passions; to be wrapped
In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
With things miraculous to feast the senses!
Let's fling ourselves into the stream of time,
Into the tumbling waves of accident,
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
Mingle and alternate, as it may be;
Restlessness is man's best activity.

Meph. Nothing whatever is there to restrain you—
If your desires be as you say, to taste
Of every sweet—sip all things—settle nowhere—
Catching each moment while upon the wing
In random motion all that meets the eye,
Rifling from every flower its bloom and fragrance,
If any thing will do that is amusing—

I wish you joy of this new life—come on—
Set to at once—come—come, no bashful loitering.

Faust. Hearken. I have not said one word of bliss—
Henceforth do I devote and yield myself,
Heart, soul, and life, to rapturous excitement—
Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,
As, when we stand upon a precipice,
Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl!
From this day forward am I dedicate
To the indulgence of tempestuous passion—
Love agonising—idolising hatred—
Cheering vexation—all that animates
And is our nature; and the heart, serened
And separated from the toil of knowledge,
Cured of the fever that so long oppressed it,
Shall cease to shut itself against the wounds
Of pain: whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind
In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
Expand myself until mankind become
A part as 'twere, of my identity,
And they and I at last together perish.

Meph. A pretty passion for a man to cherish!
Believe me, who have for some thousand years,
Day after day, been champing this hard food,
Bitter bad diet is the same old leaven.

Take a friend's word for it who ought to know,
Never hath man from cradle to the bier
Succeeded in digesting the tough dough;
To man the Universal is not given.
The Whole is only for a God—in light
He lives—eternal light—Us hath he driven
Into the darkness—yours is Day and Night.

Faust. This daunts not me!

Meph. Said boldly and said well!

To me there seems to be one obstacle;
Ars longa, vita brevis—the old story—
Take a few lessons more—and then determine.
Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
Imagining high attributes to heap
On you—the lion's magnanimity—
The fleetness of the stag—the fiery blood
That dances in the hearts of Italy—
The constancy and firmness of the North—
Let his invention gift you with the secret,
With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—
To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—
And thus to reconcile each contrariety.
A pleasant person this Herr Microcosmos,
I think I've met him somewhere in society.

Faust. What am I then—if here too all in vain

The passions and the senses pant and strain,
If this—the crown of our humanity
Is placed on heights I never can attain?

Meph. You are just what you are—nay—never doubt it,
Heap lying curls in millions on your head;
On socks—a cubit high—plant your proud tread,
You are just what you are—that's all about it.

Faust. Alas! in vain poor I together scraped
All that man's science till this day hath shown;
And all that his imagination shaped,
I in ambition's dreams have made my own.
A weary task it was—a sullen strife,
And now I sit me down, helpless, alone,
No new power comes—no strength—no spring of life.
Not by a hair's breadth higher is my height,
Far—far as ever from the infinite.

Meph. Aye! this is man's presumptuous view—
Mine, less ambitious, is more true—
Why to these moody fancies give
The rein? while living, why not live?
Why, what the mischief! you have got
Your head—hands—haunch-paunch—and—what not—
But all that I employ—enjoy—
Is it less mine? When to my car
My money yokes six spankers, are
Their limbs not my limbs? Is't not I
On the proud race-course that dash by?

Yes, I it is that sweep along,
Swift in their speed—in their strength, strong—
Mine all the forces I combine—
The four-and-twenty legs are mine—
Up! up! throw off this cloud of gloom!
Come! come!—into the world—come! come!—
Away with dreams—your theorist
Is—let me tell you—like a beast
On a dry heath, whom a bad Spirit
In one dull circle round and round
Keeps whirling, while on all sides near it
The bright green pastures everywhere abound.

Faust. But how begin?

Meph. First, must we fly from hence—
What place of martyrdom is this? what life
Is this to lead? or can you call it life,
Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever?
Better leave such work to your neighbour Paunchman,
Why stay to plague yourself with threshing straw?
Afraid, even in a hint, to intimate
Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd
Your lecture-room; even now upon the passage
I hear the foot of one.

Faust. Impossible; I cannot see him now.

Meph. The poor lad has been waiting a long while;
We should not let him go without some notice;
A quarter of an hour will do for him—

Come, Doctor, help me on with your cap and gown,
Trust to my wits—I rather like the whim—
This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
Meanwhile, you may be getting into trim
Fit for this fashionable trip of ours. [*Exit* FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES *in* FAUST'S *long gown.*

Ay, thus continue to contemn
Reason and knowledge, man's best powers,
And every hope he can inherit!
Still speak despisingly of them,
Heart-hardened by an evil spirit;
Soul and senses in confusion,
Mocked by magical delusion;
Still indulge derision vain.
Mine thou art, and must remain!
His is an eager, restless mind,
That presses forward unconfined
And, in the anticipation
Of a brisk imagination,
Ever active, still outmeasures
The slow steps of earthly pleasures:
Him, through the world's wild vanity,
Its wearisome inanity,
Will I hurry forward, thus
Breaking his impetuous
And fiery temper—he will sprawl,

And start, and stand—then stick and fall—
Meats and wines unsatisfying
Shall before his lips be flying—
The withered spirit seeks in vain
Health and refreshment to obtain—
What need of seal and signature
In blood, such spirit to secure?

STUDENT *enters.*

Stu. I am but just arrived—your name
My chief attraction; and I came
At once,—forgive my strong desire
To see and speak to him, whose fame
Has spread so far—whom all admire.

Meph. Fame has been most obliging, then:
You see a man like other men—
Did you seek farther, you might meet
Abler instructors.

Stu. I entreat
Your care and counsel—with a guide
Where could I better be supplied?
I come with heart and spirits free,
And youth—and the professor's fee.
My mother scarce would let me come;
But I love learning more than home—
Have for improvement travelled far——

Meph. And in the best place for it are.

Stu. And yet, if I the truth may say,
I would I were again away:
Walls like these, and halls like these,
Will, I fear, in no wise please!
The narrow gloom of this cold room,
Where nothing green is ever seen;
No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom—
'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
And my wasted senses shrinking—
I mourn the hour that I came hither;
Ear and eye, and heart will die,
Thought, and the power of thought, will wither.

Meph. This is all custom: as at first
Unwillingly the young child sips
The breast; but soon, with eager thirst,
And pressure of delighted lips,
Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
The living food on which he lives;
Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
Wilt drink from Wisdom's nursing breast.

Stu. Oh, to my heart shall she be strained
With love!—but how is she obtained?

Meph. First, let me beg, that you will mention
What line of life is your intention?

Stu. Oh, I long ardently to know
Whatever man may learn below,
All that we contemplate on earth,

And all that in the heaven hath birth,
To roam through learning's wondrous maze,
And comprehend all Nature's ways.

Meph. Right; but by prudence still be guided,
Guard most, that thought and mind be not
Much dissipated and divided.

Stu. With soul and strength will I apply,
But now and then could seize with pleasure
A few short hours of idle leisure.
A little thoughtless liberty;
A pleasant summer holyday,
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

Meph. Make good use of your time, for fast
Time flies, and is for ever past;
To make time for yourself begin
By order—method—discipline;
For this I counsel my young friend
A course of logic to attend;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots stalk pompously!
With solemn look, and crippled pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace:
Nor here and there, through paths oblique,
In devious wanderings idly strike;
For days and days you then are taught,
That, in what hitherto had gone,
Like eating, and like drinking, on,

One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
In this which seemed till now so free.
But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
Even so is formed the web of thought;
One movement leads a thousand threads,
Unseen they move, as now above
The shuttle darts, now darts below;
One beat combines a thousand twines,
And not unlike would seem the flow
Of mind, when Nature thinks in us.
But now in steps *Philosophus*,
To prove it could not but be thus.
"*The first was so—the second so—*
Then must the third and fourth be so—
And *if the premises be hollow,*
That the conclusion will not follow."
The language this of all the schools
The Art of Weaving taught by rules
That men profound and boys believe!
—Do they teach any one to weave?
Here he, who seeks to learn, or gives
Descriptions of, a thing that lives,
Begins with "murdering, to dissect,"
The lifeless parts he may inspect—
The limbs are there beneath his knife,
And all—but that which gave them life!
Alas! the spirit hath withdrawn,

That which informed the mass is gone—
They scrutinize it, when it ceases
To be itself, and count its pieces—
Finger and feel them, and call this
Experiment—analysis.
Is what we handle then the whole?
Is there no animating soul?
In Nature is there nothing meant?
No law, no language of intent?
Oh! could your chemist, in whose hand
The fragments are, but understand
The terms he uses! "*Encheiresis*
Naturæ"—for the phrase expresses
With scorn, that it seems strange should be
In words thus accidentally,
How less than nothing can avail
These tricks of dabbling and detail.

Stu. I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

Meph. No matter—next time you'll get better on—
When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

Stu. My brain is stupefied—I feel
As if, within my head, a wheel
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

Meph. Next—most important thing of all—
With zeal to metaphysics fall.
There, see—or think that you see—plain,

What—does not pass within the brain.
Our faculties are too confined
To guide us here—the human mind
Fails—and we are and must be blind.
Thoughts are or are not in the head,—
Use serviceable words instead;
But first be sure the next half-year
At every lecture to appear—
Five hours each day for lecturing—
Be there the moment the bells ring.
Be sure beforehand to prepare,
Have read the syllabus with care;
Have every paragraph well conned,
Watch, lest the teacher go beyond
The matter written in his book;
Then, as you write his dictates, look
That you take down *verbatim* all
And every sentence he lets fall,
As if each sentence scripture were,
That comes from the professor's chair.

Stu. This, sir, you need not tell me twice—
I feel how useful the advice;
What one has thus in black and white,
He can take home with him at night.

Meph. But what profession is your choice?

Stu. Law shall not ever have my voice.

Meph. In this, I own, you show discerning:

I know, and do not love, this learning.
Laws every where are like the taint
Of an inherited complaint,
The curse of an infected race:
Their downward progress you may trace,
From land to land, through blighted nations,
Afflicting distant generations—
Reason made nonsense, good intent,
In lapse of time warped from its true sense,
Things for the common welfare meant,
Becoming thus a common nuisance.
Unhappy, that it was thy fate
To have been born an age too late.
The laws for thy great grandsire made
Are laws to thee—must be obeyed—
Must be obeyed, and why? Because,
Bad though they be, they are the laws;
But of the rights by Nature taught,
And born with man, they take no thought.

Stu. You deepen my abhorrence for
That, which I did before abhor—
I wish to learn Theology.

Meph. I fear to lead you wrong—and I
Speak here with more of hesitation.
It is a dangerous vocation,
This same Theology: its ways
Are such a tangled serpent maze—

Such poison every where disguised—
And every where as medicine prized—
That which is which, or why 'tis so,
Few can conjecture—none can know.
The best thing that the case affords
Is—stick to some one doctor's words:
Maintain his doctrines out and out,
Admit no qualifying doubt;
But stick to words at any rate,
Their magic bids the temple gate
Of Certainty fly safely ope—
Words, words alone are your best hope.

Stu. But in each word must be a thought——

Meph. There is, or we may so assume,—
Not always found, nor always sought,
While words—mere words, supply its room.
Words answer well, when men enlist 'em,
In building up a favourite system;
With words men dogmatize, deceive;
With words dispute, on words believe;
And be the meaning much or little,
The Word can lose nor jot nor tittle.

Stu. Pardon—I feel my questions tease you.
Just for a moment more—one word
On Medicine, so please you.
With but three years for it, it were absurd
For one like me, without a guide,

To enter on a course so wide;
And your experience may suggest,
In such a field, what path is best.

Meph. [*aside*]. I'm sick of this pedantic tone,
Too long assumed. Now for my own!

[*Aloud.*] The trade of Medicine's easiest of all:
'Tis but to study all things—every where—
Nature and man—the great world and the small—
Then leave them at hap-hazard still to fare.
It is, you see, plainly impossible
That one man should be skilled in every science—
Who learns the little that he can, does well:
The secret of the art is self-reliance.
A man can learn but what he can;
Who hits the moment is the man.
—You are well made—have common sense,
And do not want for impudence.
Be fearless—others will confide no less,
When you are confident of your success—
The only obstacle is indecision;
But, above all, win to yourself the women—
They have their thousand weaknesses and aches,
And the one cure for them is the Physician.
A due consideration for the sex
Will teach the value of decorous seeming:
Let but appearances be unsuspicious.
And they are every thing their doctor wishes.
The title "Doctor" is essential,

Our university credential,
That, as in one approved and tried,
They may undoubtingly confide.
Then in the very earliest stage
Of new acquaintanceship you lead them,
Enjoying every privilege
Of tête-à-tête familiar freedom;
Although the young physician's eyes
Exhibit half, and half disguise
Something, like tenderness, the while
Mingling with the habitual guile
Of the sly acquiescent smile:
Then may you feel the taper wrist,
Nor will there one of them resist
The hand professionally prest
—Permitted boldness—on her breast,
Or round her waist the free arm thrown,
To feel how much too tight her zone.

Stu. This seems more feasible—one sees
Something like reason in all this—
Winning the household through the wife.

Meph. Theory, friend, is old and grey,
And green the golden tree of life!

Stu. Is this reality?—so like a dream
All seems! May I, upon some future day,
Resume my visit?—learn the grounds and root
Of these your doctrines?

Meph. Come when it may suit.

Stu. One favour more—deem not your guest
Intrusive—grant me this request—
Just in my album write a line.

Meph. With pleasure. [*Writes, and returns the book.*

Stu. [*reads*]. *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*

[*Shuts it respectfully, and exit.*

Meph. If the wily proverb guide thee, and my cousin the sly snake,
A weary man thy likeness to the gods will of thee make!

Faust. [*Enters.*] Where go we now?

Meph. Oh! wheresoe'er you please!—
See all that's to be seen in common life,
And then, so please you, visit the gay world,
Dancing and revelling scot-free, and careless
Who pays the piper..

Faust. What, with my long beard?
How shall I trim it into decent shape?
And I want ease of manners, and the knowledge
Of life—why, the experiment must fail!
I cannot—never could at any time—
Be what society requires: I am
Abashed in company—shall every moment
Be at a loss!

Meph. My good friend, have no fear
On this score—be but self-possessed—that is
The only art of life.

Faust. How do you mean
To travel?—where are servants, horses, carriage?
Meph. We only spread this mantle out, and it
Wafts us through air in this our daring journey.
Bring out with you no loads of heavy baggage:
A little gas, which I will soon have ready,
Will lift us high above the earth;—light laden,
We will move fast, and soon be far away!
Welcome, my friend, to the new life before you—
A pleasant change. I wish you joy of it!

AUERBACH'S *Cellar in Leipzig.—Set of Merry Companions.*

Frosch. Is no one laughing?—no one drinking?
Come, come, a truce to sober thinking!
Hang these long faces—come, be sprightly!
What, you that used to blaze so brightly!
All dull and damp—smoking together
Like dunghill straw in rainy weather?
Brander. 'Tis your fault that we are not jolly—
Have you no beastliness, no folly
To treat us to to-night?
[*Frosch throws a glass of wine over* BRANDER'S *head*].
Have both.
Bran. Brute that you are! Were I not loth——
Fro. You got but what you asked me for.
Siebel Come, come, we'll have no civil war—

We'll have no difference of opinion
In this our absolute dominion.
Whoever quarrels, kick him out—
Now raise the chorus round about—
Lift every voice, and swill, and shout—
With holla—holla—ho!

Altmayer. Help! help! I am lost—bring me cotton! the cheers
Will split open my skull, and play hell with my ears.

Sie. When the arches ring again,
We feel the bass in full power then.

Fro. Right, right, say I, with all my heart;
If any one in evil part
Takes any thing, that here is done,
Why, kick him out, the bitch's son.

Alt. A tara—lara—da.

Fro. All throats are tuned.

[*Sings.*]

The Holy Romish empire now,
How does it hold together?

Bran. A nasty song—psha!—a political song
A most offensive song. Thank God each day,
Rising from bed, that you have nought to say
With governing this Romish empire; I
Greatly rejoice and bless my stars therefore,
I am not Emperor or Chancellor;
Still I see no sufficient reason why

We should not have a ruler ;—I propose
That we elect a Pope—what qualification
Should mark a candidate for consecration,
All of ye know.

Fro. [*sings*].

Greet her, Lady Nightingale,
Greet my love ten thousand times.

Sie. Love-meetings and greetings—let us not hear of them.

Fro. Love-greetings and meetings—who can keep clear of them ?

Sings.]

Undo the door in stilly night—
Open latch—thy love keeps watch ;
For thy sake—is he awake,
Shut-to the door at morning's light,

Sie. Yes ! sing, sing on—a little while sing on !
Sing her sweet praises !—I will laugh anon.
Me she deceived, and thee she is deceiving,
Devil that she is—whom there is no believing—
Has played the same tricks with each man that sought her—
I wish some goblin of the forest caught her
On a cross-road—or that, from the witch-dances
On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat,
With his long-bearded chin and meg-a-geg throat,
Made up to her—'tis some such brute she fancies ;
A young fellow of proper flesh and blood,

To be thus thrown away were far too good;
From me no serenading should she gain,
Other than dashing in each window-pane.

Bran. [*striking on the table*]. Silence there—silence—all attend to me—

Gentlemen, I know life, and how to live;
And, as some of us seem in love to be,
A song for love-sick people will I give.
Your merry singer is the best physician
For a poor devil in such sad condition.
Here all of you attend—come, cease your chattering—
And listen to a song of the first pattern—
And all join in the chorus:—

[*Sings.*]

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
Whose paunch each day grew smoother;
He dined on butter, supped on fat,
And looked like Doctor Luther.
The cook put poison in his way,
And when our poor rat tasted it,
He felt a cramping in his heart,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And he ran round, and out he ran,
And looking for a cure, he
Drank at each puddle, gnawed, and scratched,
And raved in perfect fury.

In pain he fell—in pain he sprang,
The cook with pleasure gazed at it;
Poor creature felt at heart a pang,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And torture drove him at noon-day
To run into the kitchen;
He fell down on the hearth, and lay
Convulsing there and screeching.
Loud laughed the cook to see him sprawl
In death, and feel she hasted it:
Ha! ha! quoth she, your heart is gone,
As sure as if love wasted it.
As sure as if Love wasted it.

Sie. How the heavy logs enjoy it,
As if a rat had nothing good,
And 'twere a virtue to destroy it.

Bran. The rats, it seems, are special favourites;
Creatures of generous gentle blood,
And hold high place in your good graces.

Alt. Old baldpate, with the paunch there,—how his wits
Are gone!—to him the rat's case his own case is—
With food too good for it the belly swollen,
Then the poor thing in death convulsions rolling—
No wonder it should jar and strike
Upon his nerves—it is too like.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUST *enter.*

Meph. [*in conversation with* FAUST].—And first I feel anxiety,
To show you our "Society
Of merry fellows;"—free and gay,
Regular rioters are they,
And their whole life is holiday;
The requisites for happiness
Are few, are—what these men possess:
With lively spirits—self-conceit—
And little,—very little wit—
'Tis the same life, the whole year round,
The self-same set together found;—
Each night, their songs—their drink—their game—
Their mirth—their very jests the same;
And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jokes are smitten:
They ask no more than thus to sup—
Without a headache to get up—
And while the host will credit give
Are satisfied—and thus they live!

Bran. They're travellers off a journey, you may see it
In their odd manners—are not here an hour.

Fro. You're right, quite right! Leipzig, say I, for ever!
Leipzig's a little Paris in itself:
You'd know our Leipzig people any where.
Their manners are so finished.

Sie. But these strangers,
What think you, are they?
Fro. Only wait a moment—
In the twinkle of a bumper I will tell you—
I'll worm it out of them as easily
As draw an infant's tooth: let me alone
For managing them: I guess that they belong
To the nobility, they look so haughty,
So distant—you would almost say—displeased.
Bran. They are mountebanks, I'll lay you any wager.
Alt. Probably.
Fro. See if I don't screw it out.
Meph. [to FAUST]. Always the same, they never scent the devil,
Even when he has them by the nape of the neck.
Faust. Your servant, gentlemen—
Sie. Thanks, sir, and yours—
[*Looking at* MEPHISTOPHELES, *in a low tone.*]
The fellow limps a little on one foot.
Meph. Will you permit us to sit down with you,
And for good wine, which cannot be had here,
Give us the pleasure of good company?
Alt. You seem a most fastidious gentleman.
Fro. You are lately come from Rippach, are you not, sirs?—
Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?
Meph. To-day we did not stop;—last time we spoke to him
He told us some good stories of his cousins—

And sent his compliments to each of you.

Alt. A home-thrust that—the fellow's not to be done.

Sie. He knows the world, and how to make out life.

Fro. Wait, wait, until—I'll have him before long.

Meph. Was I deceived, for just as we came in
We heard, or thought we heard, a merry chorus
Of practised voices?—what a rich effect
Music must have along this vaulted roof.

Fro. You are a virtuoso then—

Meph. Oh, no!
My skill is next to none—but I love music.

Alt. Give us a song—

Meph. A hundred, if you please.

Sie. Something original—something brand-new.

Meph. We're just returned from Spain, romantic Spain,
The land of wine and song.—[*Sings.*]

Once on a time there was a king,
A lovely queen had he—
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea.

Fro. A flea! is it possible I heard him right?
A flea! oh, what a guest to grace a palace!

Once on a time, there was a king,
A lovely queen had he—
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea!
He called the royal tailor,

Who measures him, and stitches
A coat for the young favourite,
And a little pair of breeches.

Bran. Forget not, sire, to charge the tailor strictly
That they be well and fashionably made—
And as he sets a value on his head,
That he shall leave no seam, or plait, or wrinkle!

Meph. Of silk and satin were the clothes
Our young lord looked so fine in—
He sported ribands—and a cross
Upon his breast was shining!
Soon Minister, he wore a star,
Lived splendidly and gaily,
His poor relations all got place,
And thronged the palace daily.

And Queen and Maid got bites and stings,
And were afraid to scratch 'em;
They cursed the flea and all his kin,
But did not dare to catch 'em!
But we, if we get sting or bite,
None hinders us to scratch 'em;
And if the fleas be troublesome,
We kill them when we catch 'em.

CHORUS.—*And if, &c.*

Fro. Bravo! bravo! that was excellent.

Sie. We'll catch and play the devil with the fleas.

Bran. With pointed nail and finger, pressed together.

Alt. Freedom and Wine for ever!—Wine and Freedom.

Meph. Willingly would I drink long life to Freedom;
But that your wines are execrably bad.

Sie. You must not venture to say this again!

Meph. Only I fear to vex our worthy host,
I'd give you something better from our cellars.

Sie. Out with it then. I'll take the blame on me.

Fro. Pour out a bumper if you wish to please us—
None of your sample thimblefuls for me—
When I try wine, I like a deep long draught—
That is the only way to judge of it.

Alt. [*in a low voice.*] I've strong suspicions they are from the Rhine.

Meph. Bring me a gimlet.

Bran. What to do with it?—
You cannot have your wine-casks at the door.

Alt. Behind, there, is the landlord's chest of tools.

Meph. [*taking up the gimlet.*] Now say what wine you wish.

Fro. What do you mean?
Have you so many?

Meph. Each may choose his favourite.

Alt. (*to* FROSCH.) Ha! you begin to lick your lips already.

Fro. Well then, if I may choose, I'll take the Rhenish:
The best gifts we receive are from our country.

Meph. [*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite* FROSCH'S *seat.*] Now get a little wax—and make some stoppers.

Alt. 'Tis plain that they are jugglers.

Meph. [*to* BRANDER.] Sir, your choice?

Bran. I'll have Champagne—sparkling Champagne for me!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores again; one of the party has in the meantime prepared the wax stoppers and stopped the gimlet holes.*

Bran. One cannot always do without the Foreigner—
But give him to me in the shape of wine.
A true-born German hates with all his heart
A Frenchman—but their wines are excellent.

Sie. [*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches his seat.*] I'd have you know I hate all acid wines—
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

Meph. Tokay
Then let it be.

Alt. No, gentlemen, this won't do!
Now look me straight in the face, old mountebank:
I see you but bamboozle us!—

Meph. Yes, yes!
A very likely story—to play tricks
On noble guests like you! now fast—make ready—
Out with the word—pray, sir, what wine shall I give you?

Alt. Any and all! whatever I can get.

[*After all the holes are bored and stopped*, MEPHISTOPHELES, *with strange gestures.*]

Grapes are of the vine-branch born;
The buck-goat's is a branch of horn

Wine is sap—and grapes are wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
All is clear to him that seeth—
Lift the veil and look beneath,
It is but a deeper glance
Under Nature's countenance—
Now behold—your prophet saith—
Miracles—if you have faith.
Every man draw up his stopper,
And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

All. [*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each has chosen runs into his glass.*] Flow on, bright rill—flow on and fill
Our hearts with joy—flow on at will!

Meph. Drink—but be cautious how you spill;
There's danger if a drop but falls. [*They drink repeatedly.*

All. [*sing.*] That we will—that we will!
Happy as the cannibals:
Like five hundred swine we swill.

Meph. Look at them, they're the happiest of men.

Faust. Take me away—I'll not come here again.

Meph. Wait till you see them in their glory:
We'll soon have fun!

Sie. [*drinking carelessly, spills some of the wine, which turns to flame.*] Help, help! fire, fire!—Hell fire!

Meph. Down, friendly Element!—be still, I say—
—This time 'twas but a drop of purgatory!

Sie. What means the fellow? Damn him—he shall pay
Dearly for this; you'd think he did not know us.

Fro. [*to* MEPHISTOPHELES.] Better take care no tricks like this to show us.

Alt. The sooner we get rid of him the better—
There's nothing to be had from such a debtor.

Sie. You, sir, are guilty of strange impropriety;
Playing your mountebank pranks in such society.

Meph. Silence, old wine-tub!

Sie. . . . . . Broomstick! one would think
He might rest satisfied with these feats of his,
Without being impudent into the bargain.

Bran. Be silent, and thankful that we do not flog you!

Alt. [*draws a stopper out of the table; fire flies out*]. I'm burnt—I'm burning!

Sie. . . . . . Kill him—kill the scoundrel!
He's a magician!—Kill him! he's fair game!

[*They draw their knives and attack* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. [*with solemn gestures*]. Wandering voices mock the ear!
Forms, that phantoms are, appear!
Be ye far away, and near!
Be ye there! and be ye here!

[*They stand gazing on each other in amazement.*

Alt. Where am I?—in what lovely land?

Fro. What a show of vineyards near!

Sie. Clustering grapes invite the hand.

Bran. See them through the green leaves here—
Ripe and heavy—look at them ;—
Oh ! what grapes and such a stem !

[*He seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others do the same one with the other, and are raising their knives.*

Meph. [*as from above*]. Clouds of Error pass away !
See ye how the Devil can play !
Let each startled reveller
See who plays the Devil here.

[*Vanishes with* FAUST. *The fellows start back from one another.*

Sie. What's this ?
Alt. How's this ?
Fro. Is this your nose ?
Bran. [*to* SIEBEL]. And yours, on which my fingers close ?
Alt. I feel the shock through every limb ;
A chair !—I faint !—my eyes grow dim !
Fro. What is the matter with you all ?
Sie. Where is he ? what's become of him ?
If I can catch him, how I shall——
Alt. Catch him, indeed ! 'tis easy trying
To deal with such—I saw him flying
Out of the cellar on a cask—
You may as well give up the task :
Heavy as lead these feet of mine
Are grown.—[*Turning towards the table.*] We've lost our well of wine.

Sie. All was deception—trick—design!

Fro. Yet, what I drank, I thought was wine!

Bran. The ripe grapes too—did they deceive?

—Who after this can but believe?

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

On a low hearth a large caldron is on the fire—in the thick smoke are discovered several strange figures. A FEMALE CAT-APE (*little long-tailed monkey*) *is sitting beside the caldron, to skim it, and take care it does not boil over.* THE MALE CAT-APE, *with the young ones, sits near, warming himself;—fantastic articles of furniture, suitable to the place, seen hanging from the walls, &c.*

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me—
And, sayest thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here, in this loathsome den of filthy madness?—
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Make me a younger man by thirty winters?
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—
My expectation is already gone!
—Is there in Nature no restorative
But this? Has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to restore the spring of life?

Meph. Now do I recognize my friend's good sense;—

Yes! there are also natural means, by which
Life's bloom and vigour may again be given;
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms an odd chapter.

Faust. I will learn it.

Meph. There is a means, and it requires not gold,
Magic, or medicine;—away with you
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—
Confine yourself, and limit every wish
Within a narrow circle—feed upon
Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,
Beast-like, 'mong beasts—deem it no degradation
Thyself to spread the dung upon the field
The growth of which thou art to reap—this is
Indeed the best way to repair life's powers,
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

Faust. This cannot be—I am not used to it—
Nor can I learn to take up now the spade—
Such narrow life would never do for me.

Meph. We must recur then to the witch.

Faust. Why so?
—What's the particular use of an old hag
In the matter? Can't you cook the draught yourself?

Meph. That were a pretty waste of time—why, man,
A thousand bridges might be built, before
'Tis done—it asks not skill and science only,
But patience must brood over it—the spirit

In silence must remain for years fermenting ;
Time, and time only, clears and strengthens it,—
All things belonging to it are mysterious—
Its powers and its ingredients wonderful—
True—'twas the devil that first invented it,
But yet the devil can't make it—look—look, yonder—
What a handsome crew they are—both maid and man.—
[*To the* APES.] It seems the mistress is from home.
The Apes. Gone from home—to the rout,
Through the chimney she went out ;
Gone to carouse
On the chimney stone on the top of the house !
Meph. Will she stay
Long away?
Apes. 'Twixt the time she comes and goes,
We can scarcely warm our toes.
Meph. What think you of these dear young creatures?
Faust. All makes me sick—voice, form, and features !
Meph. Well, I must own, I greatly relish
The graces which their style embellish. [*To the* APES.
Tell me, execrable baby,
What the mess you mingle may be—
And the lumps, my pretty jewel !
That are floating in the gruel.
Apes. A beggar's dish—we boil and stew it.
Meph. And most men, without knowing, chew it.

Old Ape. [*fawning upon* MEPHISTOPHELES.] Throw the dice—begin, begin—
I am poor, so let me win—
Me to win, and you to lose,
Is the way that I would choose—
Money's all in all;—the witch
Is made honest, if made rich.
Give me gold, and by that rule,
Who will say I am a fool? [watery,

Meph. As the Ape talks of gold, see his lips growing I wish we could get him a share in the Lottery.

The Old Ape [*while the young* CAT-APES *are playing and rolling round a large bowl.*]

Such is the world!
So is it twirled,
Now rolling onward,
Now rolling downward,
Ceaselessly, restlessly,
Still does it spin;
Like glass it is brittle,
And broken by little,
Glimmering, shimmering,
Hollow within—
Living am I—
Stop, my dear son,
Thy sporting have done,
Think thou must die!

All is clay,
And must crumble away!

Meph. What's the purpose of the sieve?

Ape. If a man comes here to thieve,
With this eye-glass thus we view him;
Raise it thus, and thus look through him.

[*Runs to the* FEMALE, *and makes her look through it at* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Through the sieve look there—look strait—
Read his features—read his fate.
Answer, if thou art not deaf—
Dost thou know him—the old thief?
Dost thou dread, from fear or shame,
To name him by his proper name?

Meph. And what's the meaning of the pot?

Ape. How silly a sot,
To ask what's what;
The fool knows not
The use of the pot—
The use of the kettle—

Meph. Unmannerly wittol,
Be quiet a little.

Ape. Be brisk—take the whisk,—and sit down on the settle. [*Forces* MEPHISTOPHELES *to sit down.*

Faust [*who has been all this time before a glass, now approaching, and now standing off from it*]. What is this that I see—how heavenly fair

The form that shines in this enchanted glass!
Oh! lend me, Love, thy swift and silent wings,
That I may fly away to where she is!
Near me she seems, yet hopelessly removed,
And living in another atmosphere!
Alas! if from this spot I do but stir,
If I but venture to approach more near,
There seems a dusky cloud to gather o'er her;—
Image of woman, beyond woman fair,
Oh! beautiful transcendently—has Earth
Charms such as this—in that reclining form,
Say rather that all charms of many heavens
United are.—Can this indeed be woman?
Can this, indeed, be a created being?

Meph. Fine cause of wonderment!—after seven days
Of work, if he who made this pretty world,
And who admired his workmanship, made something,
Worth looking at! Ay, gaze on her in rapture—
This, by the way, is one of these same treasures
That I am pretty safe in promising:
Blessed the man who brings the fair bride home!

[FAUST *continues looking into the glass.*—MEPHISTOPHELES, *lolling on the settle, and with the whisk in his hand, continues speaking.*

Here on my kingly throne I sit me down,
With sceptre too—I only want a crown.

The Apes [*who have been playing all kind of fantastic*

gambols, bring MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown with loud acclamations*].

Monarch proud—
With sweat and blood
Smear it—wear it—

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it in two pieces, with which they go dancing about.*

'Tis done—'twas to be;
We speak and we see—
We hearken—we listen—
We rhyme and we reason.

Faust [*still before the glass*]. Alas! I feel my senses leaving me.

Meph. And stranger still, even my head's growing giddy!

Apes. We have words, and we can link
Syllables that chime and chink;
Sense unsought—thus is caught;—
Every jingle is a thought—
Every word with meaning fraught—
Language, glib and random, thus
Does the work of thought for us;
Let but your own fancy mingle
With the jargon and the jingle,
As you listen to the lays;
Bring the meaning you are gleaning,
Give the poet all the praise.

Faust [*as before*]. My heart's on fire—let us depart.

Meph. This is the true poetic art—

And I have never met with prettier poets,
Could they but keep the secrets of their trade.

[*The caldron, which the female* CAT-APE *has forgotten to attend to, begins to boil over—a great blaze arises, and streams up the chimney.*—THE WITCH *comes down through the flame with horrid screams.*

The Witch. Ou! Ou! Ou! Ou!
Damned beast! cursed sow!—
The pot has boiled over—the broth's overturned,
The liquor is lost, and the Mistress is burned!
Damned beast—
And what is this?
[*Seeing* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.
And who are ye?
What brings ye here?
Who sent ye here?
May fiery pain
Burn bone and brain!

[*Dips the skimming ladle in the caldron, and sprinkles the flames at* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the* CAT-APES—*the* APES *whine.*

Meph. [*flourishes the fan, and breaks pots and glasses.*]
Broken, broken!
Hell-broth splashing,
Glasses crashing,
Payment for the words you've spoken!
It is all in sport, my honey!

Nothing but a frolic funny!
Keeping time, old carrion odious,
Fitly with thy voice melodious!
[*The* WITCH *steps back with rage and astonishment.*
Knowest thou no more than that o' me,
Thou raw-boned old Anatomy!
Skeleton! the devil blast her!
—Know you not your Lord and Master?
Shall I dash the old deceiver's
Bones into a thousand shivers?
Smash her, and cats, and crocks together?
—Know ye not my vest's red leather?
Know ye not the cock-tail feather?
What mask is there upon my features,
To hide me thus from my own creatures?
And am I called upon to mention
My name, my rank, and my pretension?
The Witch. Pardon, my Lord, this rough saiute:
I do not see the cloven foot,—
And where are your two ravens?—Where——
Meph. Enough, old fool,—for once I spare;—
'Tis long since we have met, and strange
Has been, in such a time, the change—
The world's grown wise—in every movement
Is seen the Spirit of Improvement;
Reform to every thing extended—
Among the rest the devil is mended;

For court has left his wildernesses,
Thrown off his ancient savage dresses;
The curling tail and talons horrid,
And horns to guard the wrinkled forehead.
All gone—the northern phantom's vanished,
By modern education banished!
—As to the foot—against my will,
I bear that witness with me still;
'Twould injure me in the good graces
Of some who figure in high places;
So, what I can, I do to hide it,
And for the purpose, am provided
With padded calves—and thus am able
To limp no more than's fashionable—
Many young men, that I might mention,
Avail themselves of the invention.

The Witch. Satan again—my own old boy,
Once more with me!—I'll die with joy.

Meph. Woman, that name—I beg to be excused—
Call me not so again.

The Witch. And why? and wherefore? what the mischief ails
The good old name?

Meph. It has been too much used,
And sounds like something in the fairy tales;
Is so familiar, that men deem it fable;
Men believe nothing now above the level

Of every-day experience—they are able
To disprove all things;—don't believe a letter
That speaks of me,—are they for this the better?
—Devils that they are, they don't believe a devil!
Call me Lord Baron—no one can object
To that, or some such title of respect.
I am a cavalier, as good
As any—am of ancient blood;
Look at my scutcheon, all who doubt it—
See here—I never go without it.

[*Struts about with pompous gestures.*

The Witch [*laughing immoderately*]. Ha! ha!—this is so like you—is so clever—
You're, after all, the same gay rascal ever!

Meph. [*to* FAUST.] This, every day's experience teaches,
Is the true way to deal with witches.

The Witch. What, gentlemen, would you desire
To drink?

Meph. I thank you—we require
A bumper—one will be enough—
Of—you know well the right old stuff.
Give us the oldest you have here.
[*To* FAUST]. Its strength is doubled every year!

The Witch. Most willingly—you need not ask
A second time—here is a flask,
I taste myself, now and again—
You'll not find any smell remain.

Here—take a dram—but if I give it
To him—you know he can't outlive it
An hour, unless some charm protect
His life from the assured effect.

Meph. He is a friend, 'twill do him good—
Thrives like yourself on witches' food—
There's nothing you can give that is
Too strong for such a stomach as his.
Come—chalk your circle—chant your charm—
Fill high the cup, 'twill do no harm.

[*The* WITCH, *with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. Meantime the glasses begin to chime and ring; the caldron to sound and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, places the* CAT-APES *within the circle; one is made to serve her for a reading-desk, others hold torches. She signs to* FAUST *to approach.* [scene I

Faust to MEPHISTOPHELES. No, no! I'm sick of the whole
What good is it? what can it mean?
These raving gestures? and this rapid
Torrent of nonsense? filthy—vapid
And loathsome cheat.—I've seen such stuff
Before; and hated it enough!

Meph. 'Tis pure professional farce—mere fudge—
You should not be so hard a judge!
She is but acting the physician;
This hocus-pocus exhibition

Assists the cure—makes the draught operate
With good effect, and at the proper rate.

[*She makes* FAUST *enter the circle.*

The Witch [*with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*].

Understand me let all men!
Of One make Ten,
Let Two go then:
Bid Three
Now be
The square of Three:
Thus the Witch
Makes you rich;
Drop Four
From your score:
From Five and Six
You should fix
To take Seven and Eight away,
Then all is clear as day.
And Nine is One,
And Ten is None,
This is the Witch's One-times-one.

Faust. She seems in earnest, old deceiver!
—How like the ravings of a fever!

Meph. There is an endless volume of this stuff—
I ought to know it—I've lost time enough
Puzzling it out—for downright contradiction

Is, to the wise and fools, an equal mystery.
My friend, in the old almahack of history,
You'll find such jumbles made of fact and fiction;
And by the help of this, or some such juggle,
Errors spread wide;—truth suffers in the struggle.
Doctrines are lisped by infants; taught in schools,
And are believed: for who contends with fools?
To customary words men still will link
Their faith—poor dolts—imagining they think!

Witch. The height, the might,
Of wisdom's light,
The knowledge from the wide world hidden,
Cheers humblest minds:
Who seeks not finds:
The welcome guest is the unbidden.

Faust. This nonsense, so like meaning, splits
My skull. I soon would lose my wits:
Methinks, a million fools in choir
Are raving and will never tire.

Meph. Enough! enough! incomparable sibyl!
Hand us the drink—fill the cup to the brim—
No thimblefulls for us—no niggard dribble—
Fear not—such draught will never injure him,
He is one of us, and of the highest grade:
Has drunk deep before now—be not afraid!

[*The* WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup: as* FAUST *raises it to his mouth, a light flame rises.*

Off with it fast—why should you fear it?
—Once down, 'twill warm your heart and cheer it.
How's this? *my* friend, and much the same
As one of us—afraid of flame?

[*The* WITCH *dissolves the circle.* FAUST *steps out.*

Meph. [*to* FAUST]. Now! out at once! you must not rest!

Witch [*to* FAUST]. Much good may it do! [*Aside.*] I hope the best!

Meph. [*to the* WITCH]. If I can serve you, sure you might
Command me, on Walpurgis night.

The Witch. Here is a song—a pretty glee.
Hum it a few times,—you will see
Some merit in it, and effect
More than you would at first expect.

Meph. [*to* FAUST]. Come, quick! be for the present guided:
This draught will do you good, provided
It gets fair play; but it requires
Brisk motion till the frame perspires,
And its full force is felt to dart
At once through each and every part.
And then, not sooner, will I teach
What joys the lazy hand can reach,
Of indolent voluptuousness.
The pleasures that our nobles bless;—
Soon in thy cheery heart, I trow,
Will Cupid rock him to and fro.

Already the young urchin lurks
Within, and in the spirit works.

Faust. Once more !—one other look into the glass !—
Fair form—too fair more than a form to be !

Meph. Come ! come ! no form the beauties can surpass,
That soon in living woman thou shalt see !
[*Aside.*] With this draught in him he will meet
A Helena in every street !

THE STREET.

Faust [*to* MARGARET *passing on*]. Fair lady, may I offer you my arm ;
And will you suffer me to see you home ?

Marg. I am no lady—and I am not fair
I want no guide to show me the way home.
[*Disengages herself, and exit.*

Faust. By Heaven, she is a lovely child ;
A fairer never met my eye,
Modest she seems, and good and mild,
Though something pert was her reply—
The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—
My youth hath not departed quite !
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining—
And her light spirits' lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away !

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Faust. Hearken here, sir, get me the girl; and fast.

Meph. The girl!—what girl?

Faust. . . . . . She that this moment passed.

Meph. What—she? she was but now at church
At her confession—I was there.
And, hid by the confession chair,
Was listening to her from my lurch.
Poor thing—she is all innocence—
Had nothing in the world to tell!
With such to meddle is not well.
Her purity is a defence,
That leaves the tempter no pretence.
Upon this child I have no power.

Faust. She's passed fourteen, if she's an hour!

Meph. Could Liederlich be worse than this?
The profligate, whose folly is,
To think each flower of beauty his.
Calls it a purchasable trifle,
And every charm he sees would rifle;
Thinks truth and honour but a name—
My friend, give up this hopeless game.

Faust. Sound doctrine this, most reverend,
I hope your sermon's at an end:
Now, once for all, conceited fellow,
I am determined on't, and tell you,

She must, this very night, be mine :
You and I part, if you decline.

Meph. Compose yourself—be reasonable—
If in a fortnight I be able
To make out opportunities !

Faust. A fortnight ! give me but seven hours !
I want no devil to help me then,
And ask no aid from any powers
But those belonging to all men,
To fool a child like this with ease,
And make her anything I please.

Meph. How like a Frenchman ! I regret
To see you discontented ; yet
Why thus impatient ? the delight
Is, after all, less exquisite,
Than when with some delay and doubt,
And difficulty fenced about,
You win the treasure guarded long ;
Play with the pretty thing awhile,
And toy and trifle and beguile,
And to your will the soft wax mould,—
As witness many a story told,
Of true love in Italian song.

Faust. But, fortunately, I require
No such incentives to desire.

Meph. Now, not to take or give offence,
Believe me, here all violence
Is useless—in a little while

The damsel may be won by guile;—
A stratagem, perhaps, may gain
The fortress—storming it were vain!

Faust. Give me, meanwhile, some little thing
Of hers—a garter or a ring—
A kerchief from her snowy breast—
Show me the chamber of her rest!

Meph. To prove how sensibly I feel
Your pangs, and, if I could, to heal;
I gratify, without delay,
Your wish, and take you there to-day.

Faust. And shall I see her? have her?

Meph. No!
She to a neighbour's has to go,
And when I find that she is gone,
You may indulge yourself alone;
Breathe in the very room where she
Hath slept, and dream of joys to be.

Faust. May we go now?

Meph. It scarce were pleasant
So early.

Faust. Make me out some present.

Meph. Presents so soon! this promises
Speedy success—they all love dress!
Oh, I know many a place of pleasure,
Where such things are, and many a treasure
Buried of old, and soon will find
Some lure to win the young thing's mind.

EVENING.—*A Neat Little Room.*

Margaret. I would give something now to know
The gentleman who met me, though;
He had a proud and princely air,
Is one of the nobility;
Look on his brow, you read it there,
And if he were not, he would stare
With somewhat more civility. [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUST.

Meph. Come in—tread softly—but come in.

Faust. [*after a pause*]. Leave me, now leave me, I entreat.

Meph. [*prying about*]. The place is tidy and quite clean;
—Not every damsel's is so neat. [*Exit.*

Faust. [*looking round*]. How calm! how happy dwells the tender light
In this still sanctuary reposing here,
And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
And blessing all.—Spirit of peace and love,
I give myself to thee! Oh, love, whose breath
Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
Be thou henceforth my life!

How round us breathe
In every thing the same prevailing quiet
And neatness, and the feeling of contentment!

—In low estate what more than riches are,
And this poor cell how very, very happy!
[*He throws himself on the leathern arm-chair beside the bed.*
Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
Year after year, the generations gone
Welcomed in joy and grief: how many a swarm
Of children round this patriarchal throne
Gathering have clung—perhaps beside this seat
A happy child—I well can fancy it—
Even now she scarce is more—on Christmas eve
My love has bent her at her grandsire's feet;
'Mong the good children each year to receive
The gifts that heaven's dear child comes down to give.
Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
Her young round cheeks pressed on his withered hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;
I feel it sway me while I linger here.
The sense of neatness, felt in every thing,
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
The little table with its covering,
The floor with crisp sand crackling to the tread.
Every where round the hand beloved I trace,
That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
Where dreams and meditative thought,

And, Nature, thy benignant powers
Within her virgin bosom wrought,
As day by day each influence pure,
Of heaven and earth her heart mature,
And fain would welcome forth, and win
To light, the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
Filled with the warmth of happy life; and here
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

And thou? what brings thee hither now?
In this mad moment what art thou?
These softenings of the heart! and then
This rage of wild desire again!
Poor Faust! has some magic cloud
Befooled thine eyes? thy reason bowed?
'Else why this burning passion strange?
And why to love this sudden change?
Are we the sport of every breath of air?

And, should she now return and meet
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
Into the coward! at her feet
In what confusion sink!

Meph. [*entering*]. Away—I see her at the door.

Faust. I go, and I return no more.

Meph. This casket, with its jewels rare,

I got it—but no matter where—
Or—what was to be given instead,—
Some things are better left unsaid;—
Quick—put it in the press—'twill seize on
Her fancy—lull asleep her reason;
Then, guess you, how the dream will end.
I got them for another friend:
The casket and the trifles in it
He thought might buy a happy minute;
And he was one who knew the fashion
In which to woo, and woman's passion;
But child is child, and maid and lover
Play the same game the wide world over.

Faust. I know not; ought I?

Meph. Can you ask it?
Perhaps you wish to keep the casket;
If so—and that 'tis avarice—
I wish you joy of this cheap vice;
I'm glad the momentary bubble
Of love has burst—it saves me trouble;
And easier pastimes you may find
Than practising upon her mind.
My poor brain scarcely understands
What you are at—I rub my hands
And scratch my head.

[*Places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.*

Come—come—what do you mean? the object is

To wind this sweet young child to your wish and will.
And now—as I live—you're looking starched and chill,
As if you were going up to your lecture-chair
With PHYSICS in the body standing there,
And METAPHYSICA in her grey hair.
Come! come! [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET [*with a lamp*].

Marg. It feels so close, so sultry here,
Yet out of doors I thought it chill.
—When will my mother come? A thrill
Runs through my frame—I am, I fear,
A foolish, foolish woman.
[*She begins to sing as she undresses herself.*

There was a king in Thulé,
And he loved an humble maid;
And she who loved him truly,
When she came to her death-bed,

A golden cup she gave him,
Which none could better prize;
And ever, as he drank of it,
Tears dimmed his flowing eyes.

And when he came to die,
To his heirs his wealth he told;
Left all without a sigh
But his mistress' cup of gold.

As at the royal banquet
Among his knights sate he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In their fortress o'er the sea,

Up stood the gay old monarch;
For the last time up he stood;
For the last time drained the blessed cup,
And threw it in the flood.

He saw it falling, filling,
And sinking in the sea;
His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,
And never more drank he.

[*She opens the press to put in her clothes, and perceives the casket.*

How came this brilliant casket here?
I locked the press, I'd almost swear.
The cover's beautiful—I wonder
What it may be that lies under?
Some pledge for money by my mother
Lent to somebody or other.
I think I'll open it—and, see,
Attached to it, and tempting me,
A riband with a little key.
How very beautiful it is!
I've never seen the like of this!
Jewels and pearls!—At mask or ball
'Twould grace the proudest dame of all

Who glitter at high festival.
I wonder how 'twould look on me?
Whose can the glorious splendour be?

[*She puts them on, and stands before the glass.*

Oh, if I had these ear-rings only!
Drest thus, I seem a different creature!
What good are charms of form and feature
Though poor maids are
Both mild and fair,
The world for ever leaves them lonely—
Man may praise,
Yet half he says
Seems less like kindness than compassion—
For gold he strives,
For gold he wives—
Alas! the *poor* are not in fashion!

PROMENADE.—FAUST *walking up and down in thought—to him.*

Meph. By Love, which I contemn, and Hell's
Essence of fire—things can't be worse:
Oh, that I could be something else
Than what I am, that I might curse!

Faust. What ails thee now? What pinches thee so sore?
A face like that I never saw before.

Meph. I'd damn myself to everlasting evil,
But that I am myself the devil.

Faust. This frantic scene—what can it mean

Meph. Think, only think, that splendid set
Of pearls, I got for Margaret,
A priest has made his own of them.
Her mother, soon as she detected
The treasure, something wrong suspected.
The old hag o'er her book of prayer
Sits moping, mumbling, grumbling there,
Or, for she has a fine sharp nose,
Through the house prowling, prying goes,
On the scent to ascertain,
For the smell decides right well
What is holy, what profane,
She snuffled at the chain and gem,
Found not the smell she likes in them.
"My child," she said, "things thus unholy,
Or suited not for one so lowly,
Will seize and fasten on the heart,
And hold it till health, peace, depart.
To the Virgin Mary bring
These in humble offering;—
Sinful things of earth we give,
And receive from Heaven, instead,
Heaven's own food restorative,
That our precious souls may live
Fed on manna—angels' bread!"
At this poor Madge looked far from pleasant,
Provoked at having lost the present:

Why, thought she, is the gift rejected?
Or he, who gave it me, suspected?
The giver is a rich man—must
Be generous—and therefore just
And good—and why should we distrust?
The mother strait sends for the priest;
He comes, and he enjoys the jest.
His features brighten up with rapture,
And thus he preaches o'er his capture:—
"You feel the matter right, dear madam;
These pearls—'twere wrong the poor child had 'em:
To them who strive is grace accorded,
And he who conquers is rewarded.
The Church will feel (we cannot question)
No difficulty of digestion;
Will swallow without fear of surfeit
The ill-got goods that sin makes forfeit;
Whole realms, their produce and their profit,
She eats up, and thinks nothing of it:
The Church alone, with conscience quiet,
Can thrive upon this doubtful diet."

Faust. That this is false each day evinces,
Or true as well of Jews and princes.

Meph. On this, he swept into his pocket
Ear-rings and bracelet, chain and locket,
And made no more of pearls and casket,
Than if he pocketed a basket

Of nuts,—then treats them with a lecture
On vanity,—states his conjecture
Upon the uses of affliction,
And leaves them with his benediction.

Faust. And Margaret——

Meph. Sits in restless mood—
Does nothing—knows not what she should—
Thinks night and day on what she lost,
But dwells on him who gave them most.

Faust. Poor thing! her grief goes to my heart!
Bring more gems—come—come—no delay—
The first, coarse common things were they.

Meph. [*in affected vexation*]. Mere trinkets flung in sport away!
—My toil is nothing, nor the value
Of what I give!——

Faust. Be silent, shall you
Thus mock at me and my affection?
Act for my ends, by my direction.
Court thou the widow—tax invention
For sweet things—draw off her attention—
Come—come—you're dull as water-gruel,—
Up—up—away for chain and jewel!

Meph. My lord, I cheerfully obey. [*Exit* FAUST.

How a man fooled with love will fling away
Sun, stars, earth, heaven, upon the chosen lady—
All cheap as presents to a child on May-day! [*Exit.*

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

Martha [*alone*]. God help and pity me, and pardon
My poor old man! he treats me badly;—
Thus to go off—'tis very hard on
A wedded wife,—here pining sadly
Am I upon my lonely straw.
I loved and doted on him so,
His very will to me was law;
And for no reason thus to go
And die abroad [*weeping*]—he must have died—
Yet 'twould be satisfactory
If I could have it certified.

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. Martha.

Mar. My little Margery!
Sweet child, what can the matter be?

Marg. My knees are sinking under me.
I've found another casket, one
Like that so lately had and gone,
Laid in my press—of ebony—
The rings and jewels in it are
More brilliant than the former far.

Mar. Your mother must not hear it, though,
Or straightway to the priest they go.

Marg. Look at them, only look at them.

Mar. Fortunate girl.

Marg. . . Alas, one gem
I cannot—can I?—ever dare
Put on in church or any where.
Mar. Come here as often as you please,
And try them on where no one sees:
Before the glass be whole hours spent
Adjusting every ornament.
We will enjoy their full effect,
With none your secret to suspect;
Then as occasions come, a ball,
A dance, a day of festival,
We let them one by one appear—
A chain, a pearl-drop in the ear—
And coin some story or another
To keep the matter from your mother.
Marg. Twice to have had such caskets brought,
There's something in it more than ought! [*A knock.*
Good God! my mother! I'll be seen.
Mar. 'Tis a strange gentleman.—Come in.
Meph. [*enters*]. I've come unceremoniously;
But, ladies, you will pardon me.
[*Retreats respectfully before* MARGARET.
To Martha Schwerdtlein was my visit:
I'm told this is her lodging. Is it?
Mar. Sir, I'm the person. What's your pleasure?
Meph. I'll call when you are more at leisure:
You have a guest of consequence;

I'll call again in three hours hence.

Mar. [*to Marg.*] The funniest thing I ever knew—
The gentleman imagined you
To be some lady of high rank.
I can't but laugh.

Marg. I have to thank
The gentleman's extreme good nature.
I am a poor young humble creature:
These ornaments are not my own.

Meph. I did not judge by them alone;
'Tis something in your mien and glance.
My visit was a lucky chance.

Mar. [*aside*]. To know what brings him, I am dying.

Meph. I wish I had news more gratifying;
But blame me not, though sad it prove.
Your husband's dead, and sends his love.

Mar. Is dead! the faithful creature dead!
My husband—would 'twere I instead.

Marg. Friend, let thy strong good sense prevail
O'er grief—

Meph. And hear the sad detail.

Marg. I fear at all to think of love,
Such loss my certain death would prove.

Meph. Grief waits on joy—joy follows grief.

Mar. Tell on; it will be some relief.

Meph. In Padua, at St. Anthony's,
In consecrated earth he lies!

A cool bed under the church floor,
Where he sleeps soundly.

Mar. Nothing more?

Meph. Oh, yes! a death-bed legacy:
His last commission was to thee,
To have three hundred masses said,
With requiem service for the dead.
His last was a religious thought:
This is the whole of what I brought.

Mar. What, not a coin, no trinket token,
Nothing to soothe his poor heart-broken?
Why, the most paltry artisan,
The veriest wretch in form of man,
Some small memorial still will hoard,
Some little pledge in secret stored,
To show his love is not forgot—
Will starve—will beg—but parts it not!

Meph. Madam, I'm sorry for his blindness
To the true value of your kindness:
'Tis your mistake, to think he squandered
His money—as he died, he pondered
The past—and, as his heart relented,
His sins and his bad luck repented.

Marg. Unhappy men! I weep for them!
He shall not want my *requiem!*

Meph. The sweet child! what a tender touch of
True feeling! that's the girl for me—

I take it you deserve to be
Out of hand married, and made much of.
Marg. Time long enough 'twill be till then.
Meph. You'll find admirers 'mong the men:
A husband in due course, no doubt,
I'll see to bring it soon about,
And if not married out and out,
With a gallant we can mayhap
Fill up as pleasantly the gap.
Marg. 'Tis not the custom of the place.
Meph. Custom or not, it is the case.
Mar. Tell on.
Meph. I stood at his bedside;
The rotting straw on which he died,
—Something less foul than dung, not much,
Infectious to the smell and touch.—
He died a Christian, and in debt,
Settled his scores with Heaven;—the trifle
Due at the wine-shop, is due yet.
"Alas," said he, "I used my wife ill.—
Would die at peace, did she forgive."
Mar. Poor man! I long ago forgave.
Meph. "But 'twas her folly, as I live."
Mar. What! standing on the very grave
Did he say this? assert this lie?
And did he tell you it was I,
I who was wrong?—

Meph. He did: but out
The truth has come, and leaves no doubt.
He lied: your very countenance
Decides the matter at a glance!—
"Mine was hard work, you may conjecture,
(Thus ran his peevish death-bed lecture),
First, all her children to be fed;
And while I toiled to make them bread,
Not let to eat my crust in peace."

Mar. What, will his slanders never cease?
Love, Honour, Truth, forgotten quite;
Our tendernesses day and night.

Meph. Not so: he thought of you with great affection.
"As I," said he, "was late from Malta sailing,
I found myself in prayer; a sudden rapture,
Following a burst of tender recollection
Of wife and children, and the prayer prevailing
Was heard on high. That day we made a capture;
A Turkish vessel laden with rich treasure
For the great sultan: 'twas a gallant fight,
And valour triumphed, and was well rewarded:
And when they came the shares of each to measure,
I got, to say the least of it, my right."

Mar. What? how? a prize? think you, he buried it?

Meph. Who knows where heaven's four winds have scattered it?
Bury it?—no, his heart was far from sordid:

That his death proves, his generous nature hurried it.
A lady, one of your nice Neapolitans,
As he was loitering in their pleasant city,
Looked on his loneliness, kind soul, with pity,
And saw his vanity—and soothed and flattered it—
Fastened upon him, led him such a jolly dance,
That with his cash, and him, all was soon over.
Marks of affection, too, she gave her lover,
Of such a kind, that to the blessed hour
In which your poor saint died, he felt their power.

Mar. Scoundrel, to use his wife and children so!
Ought not the poverty, which his neglect
Had heaped on us, his shameless course have checked?

Meph. It ought; and he is punished for it now:
But as this will not mend the case,
I would, if I were in your place,
Put on my mourning, keep a good eye out,
And wed again, when the year came about.

Mar. Where could I find, in this wide world of men,
Any thing like my own poor man again?
There could not be a creature kinder, fonder;
His only fault was, he from home would wander;
And when I think of him, my eyes are swimming:
He was so good, without a single vice,
Except his taste for foreign wines and women.
And the society they bring—and dice.

Meph. Well! if on his side he had only made

Allowances as just and generous,
Your quarrels had been easily allayed.
Why, I myself—if you indulge me thus—
With such good sense—in a few little things—
Am tempted to propose exchanging rings.

Mar. Oh, sir, you are a pleasant gentleman :—
Sure you were speaking but in jest.

Meph. [*aside.*] I'd best be off: this vile old pest
Has her brains turned already with the plan
Of marrying me at once outright!
My only safety is in flight.
Damn her! she'll keep the devil to his word. [*To* MARGARET.
How goes it with your heart?

Marg. What means my lord?

Meph. [*as if to himself.*]—The good sweet innocent child!
[*Aloud.*] Ladies, farewell!

Marg. Farewell!

Mar. Sir! sir! don't leave us till you tell
One little matter more: I want a witness
To prove his death and burial—how—when—where—
Formally proved; and you will see the fitness
Of having it on record—'twould be pleasant
To have it in the papers of the week.

Meph. "*At the mouth of two witnesses the matter*
Shall be established."—By good luck, at present
There's one in town, who to the fact can speak;
A man of character and high condition:

He'll make the necessary deposition—
I'll bring him in the evening.

Mar. Don't be later.

Meph. And this young woman—shall we find her here?
She will so please him—nay, I do not flatter;—
A fine young man—has travelled far and near—
Is so admired—and so admires the sex,
And has so true a feeling of decorum.

Marg. I feel afraid—to meet him would perplex
And so confuse—I'd blush to death before him.

Meph. Were he a king—should it be thus?

Mar. The garden, then, behind my house—
We shall expect both gentlemen
This evening there—farewell till then.

THE STREET.—FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. How fare you? goes it swimmingly on and swift?

Meph. Hurrah! my friend—I'm glad to see your heart
On fire—she shall be yours in less than no time:
This evening, we all meet at Neighbour Martha's.
Of all the women that I ever saw
She is the veriest gipsy—is the one
To mould his Margaret to the doctor's purpose.

Faust. All promises well so far.

Meph. But we are asked
For something in return.

Faust. That's reasonable—
As one good turn, they say, deserves another.
Meph. We are only asked to make a deposition,
In proper form, that her dead husband's bones
Are lying decently interred in Padua,
Quietly resting there in holy ground.
Faust. Mighty fine doings! what a pretty jaunt
You have contrived for us!
Meph. *Sancta simplicitas!*
Why should we go? we are asked but to make oath—
This may be done without the toil of travel,
Or trouble of any kind.
Faust. Is this your plan?
If you have nothing better to propose,
The scheme is at an end.
Meph. Oh, holy man!
Is it there you are now? Doctor, is this your scruple?
Is this the first time in your life that you
Have borne false witness? have you lectured on
God—and the world—and all that moves therein—
On Man—and on "how thought originates,"
And that enigma, man's mysterious nature,
The intellectual and the moral powers—
Have you not dealt in formal definitions,
With forehead unabashed, and heart undaunted?
Yet, if you did but own the truth, your conscience

Must tell you—does it not?—you know no more
Of all these matters than of Schwerdtlein's death,

Faust. Thou art, and wert, and thou wilt ever be
A liar and sophist.

Meph. Yes; if by appearances
Only you judge: you, a philosopher,
Should look a little deeper—you yourself,
Ere two days pass—will you not?—all in honour,
As you would call it—fool this poor child's fancy,
And swear,—your casuistry will then be silent—
How from your soul you love her—love her ever.

Faust. Yes, and such oath is true—

Meph. —As any other;—
And then of everlasting faith and love
Will be the talk,—of all-absorbing passion—
Of the one feeling—felt but once—for one:
Will this, too, be a language that the heart
Can recognize as true?

Faust. Peace, fiend! it will,
If that I feel, and if for the emotion—
The frenzy call it, rather—I still seek
A name and can find none—if through the world
My fancy ranging seeks analogies
That are, and ever must remain, imperfect—
If words that speak of time be insufficient
Even feebly to express this burning feeling,
And that, thus forced, I call it endless—deathless—

Eternal—yes, eternal—say you that
Language like this isa Satanic lie?

Meph. Yet I am right.

Faust. Hark ye—take this with you—
I'll spare my lungs, and cease to argue further—
But, as I said, take this with you;—no matter
What side a man adopts, or of what subject—
If he has but a tongue, he'll not want reasons
To prove him in the right: as now, for instance;—
I'm tired of talk—you then are in the right—
You must be, sure, I have no help for it.

THE GARDEN.—MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm*, MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES.—*Walking loiteringly up and down.*

Marg. You do but play with my simplicity,
And put me to the blush. A traveller
Learns such good nature—is so pleased with all things
And every body:—my poor talk, I know,
Has no attraction, that could for a moment
Engage the attention of a man, who has
Seen so much of the world——

Faust. One glance—one word—
One little word from thee, I value more
Than all the wisdom of th' world's wisest ones.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Marg. How could you think of it? How could you kiss it?
It is so coarse—so hard—is spoiled with all work
On every day—how could it but be coarse?
My mother's habits are too close—my tasks
Are too severe. [*They pass on.*

Mar. And are you—are you always travelling thus?

Meph. Alas! that claims of business and of duty
Should force me to it. We feel pangs at parting
From many a spot where yet we may not loiter.

Mar. In youth's wild days, it cannot but be pleasant
This idle roaming round and round the world,
With wildfire spirits, and heart disengaged:
But soon comes age and sorrow; and to drag,
Through the last years of life, down to the grave
A solitary creature—like the wretch,
Who moves from prison on to execution—
This must be bad for body and for soul.

Meph. You make me shudder at the dreary prospect.

Mar. Be wise—secure yourself in time. [*They pass on.*

Marg. Yes!—out of sight, soon out of mind.
I feel this courtesy is kind;—
That you, who must have many a friend
Highly informed, should condescend
To speak with one in my poor station.
Of such neglected education,
—In every thing so unimproved—

Faust. Believe me, dearest, best beloved,

That, which the world calls information,
Is often but the glitter chilling
Of vanity and want of feeling.

Marg. How?

Faust. Ah! that—singleness of heart,
And absence of all artifice,
—Gifts, as they are, above all price,
Heaven's holiest blessing—should be thus
Of their own worth unconscious!
That—meekness, gentleness, the treasure
Which Nature, who doth still impart
To all in love, and lavish measure,
Gives to the child, whom she loves dearest,—
Should——

Marg. Think of me when you are gone,
A moment now and then—of you
I shall have time enough to think.

Faust. Your time is passed, then, much alone?

Marg. Why, yes; and then our house affairs,
Poor though they be, bring many cares.
We have no servant maid, and I
Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry;
Run far and near—rise ere the light,
And not lie down till late at night.
And then my mother's temper's such,
In every thing she asks so much;
Of saving has so strict a sense,

And is so fearful of expense;
So anxious, so particular:
—Not that our circumstances are
So limited, as not to give
The means like other folk to live.
The property my father had,
And died possessed of, was not bad:
A house, and garden here, that yields
Something worth while, and some town fields
Just at the gates. My days, somehow,
Are tolerably quiet now—
My brother earns a soldier's bread
Abroad;—my little sister's dead.
Trouble enough I had with her,
Yet cheerfully would I incur
Ten times the toil—so dear was she.

Faust. A very angel, if like thee!

Marg. Even from its birth, the child I nurst—
And so it loved me from the first.
Born to distress—its father torn
Away by death, ere it was born.
My mother, worn out with disease—
We long had given her up for gone—
Recovering faintly by degrees,
Came slowly, very slowly on.
She had no strength—she could not think
Of nursing it—and so, poor thing,

I reared it; for its natural drink,
With milk and water tried to bring
The creature on—and thus my own
It seemed to be, and mine alone—
Lay on my arm, and on my breast
Would play and nestle, and was blest.

Faust. This must have been the purest joy.

Marg. Yet were there hours of great annoy—
Its cradle was by my bedside:
It kept me half the night awake,
To make it quiet when I tried.—
At times must I get up, to take
The little urchin into bed;
This would not do—then must I rise,
Walk up and down with measured tread,
And seek with songs to hush its cries.
Then daylight brought its tasks to me:
Ere dawn must I at washing be—
Trudge to the market—light the fire;
And if I felt the trouble tire
On one day, 'twas the same the next.
I felt dispirited and vext
At times; but I was wrong in this;
For, after all, his labour is
What gives a poor man's food its zest,
And makes his bed a bed of rest.

[*They pass on.*

Mar. We women are the sufferers: who can make
Any thing of a dissolute old rake?

Meph. Yet have I perfect faith in woman's skill;
You may, for instance, make me what you will.

Mar. But tell me plainly, have you never met
One whom you loved?—thought you of marriage yet?

Meph. A blessed state—in Proverbs we are told,
A good wife better is than pearls or gold.

Mar. But is there none with preference you would name?

Meph. All are polite and everywhere the same.

Mar. Have you no one in seriousness addressed?

Meph. With ladies can you think that I would jest?

Mar. You still mistake me.

Meph. I regret to find
How slow I am; but one thing to my mind
Is clear, that you are very, very kind. [*They pass on.*

Faust. And so thou didst, my angel—didst thou not?—
The moment that I came into the garden,
Remember me again, upon the spot?

Mar. Did you not see it?—I held down my eyes.

Faust. And thou dost,—dost thou not?—the freedom pardon
Which, as you passed from the Cathedral home,
I rashly took?

Marg. I felt so much surprised,
And was, I scarce can tell you, so confused,
And trembled like a guilty thing accused.

"Into his head could such a thought have come?—
What must he think of thee?—there must have been
Something improper in thy walk or mien;
Something that gave this gentleman to see,
Here is a girl with whom you may make free."
Yet must I own I did not then detect
How my heart pleaded for thee, nor suspect
I with myself was angry, that, with thee,
As angry, as I ought, I could not be.

Faust. Sweet love!

Marg. One moment wait.

[*She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after another.*

Faust. Why pluck the star-flower?
—Do you wish a bunch of flowers?

Marg. No, I just fancied
Trying a little game of chance.

Faust. What mean you?

Marg. You will laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.*

Faust. What are you murmuring?

Marg. [*half aloud*]. *He loves me—loves me not.*

Faust. Angelic creature?

Marg. *He loves me—not—He loves me—not—*

[*As she plucks off the last leaf with eager delight.*

He loves me!

Faust. Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower

The answer of an oracle—" He loves thee !"
Dost thou know all the meaning of " He loves thee ?"
[*Holds both her hands.*

Marg. I am all over trembling.

Faust. Tremble not !
Oh, let this look, this pressure of the hands,
Say, to thee, what no words can say : henceforth
Be our whole being lost in one another
In overflowing joy—that lives and lives
For ever and for ever ! could it end,
It were——but no, it cannot, cannot end !

[MARGARET *presses his hands ; disengages herself from him, and runs away. He stands for a moment, thoughtful, and follows her.*

Mar. The night is coming on.

Meph. We should be going.

Mar. I would invite you to stay longer, but
We live in a censorious neighbourhood.
They seem to have nothing to think of or to do
But watch the doors, and who go in and out :
Do what you will, your doings will be misconstrued :
But our young couple—saw you them ?

Meph. They've flown
Up yonder walk—gay butterflies—

Mar. He seems
Caught.

Meph. And she too. 'Tis the way of the world.

A SUMMER HOUSE.—MARGARET *runs in; fixes herself behind the door; holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

Marg. He comes.

Faust. Ah, rogue! and do you thus provoke me?
I've caught you at last. [*Kisses her.*

Marg. [*embracing him, and returning the kiss*]. Dearest and best, with my whole heart I love thee.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*

Faust [*stamping*]. Who's there?

Meph. A friend.

Faust. A brute.

Meph. Full time to go.

Mar. [*comes up*]. 'Tis late, my lord—

Faust. May I not see you home?

Marg. My mother would——farewell.

Faust. Must I then go?—
Farewell.

Mar. Adieu!

Marg. To meet again, and soon.

[*Exeunt* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marg. How many things a man like this
Must know;—and I had but a "Yes,"
For every thing he said;—confused
By every word; yet he excused

Each fault of mine. What can it be,
That thus attaches him to me.

FOREST AND CAVERN.

Faust [*alone*]. Yes! lofty Spirit, thou hast given me all,
All that I asked of thee; and not in vain,
In unconsuming fire revealed, hast thou
Been with me, manifesting gloriously
Thy presence—thou hast looked on me with love,
—Hast given me empire o'er majestic Nature;
Power to enjoy and feel! 'Twas not alone
The stranger's short permitted privilege
Of momentary wonder that thou gavest;
No, thou hast given me into her deep breast
As into a friend's secret heart to look;
Hast brought to me the tribes of living things:
Thus teaching me to recognize and love
My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;
Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!

Of my own heart the depths miraculous,
Its secret inward being all exposed!
And when before my eye the pure moon walks
High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
Before me seem to move, and mitigate
The too severe delight of earnest thought!—

Alas! even now I feel MAN's joys must be
Imperfect ever. The ecstatic bliss,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods;
This is thy gift; but with it thou hast given,
Inseparably linked, this vile associate,
Whom I abominate, but cannot part:—
Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
To make me to myself contemptible;
And with a breath will scatter into nothing
All these high gifts: with what officious zeal
He fans my breast into a raging flame
Of passion, to possess that perfect form
Of loveliness! Thus, from desire I pass
On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
Even in enjoyment languish for desire!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Meph. Have you not had enough of this before?
A pretty kind of life to live for ever!

Well enough for a trial. Come, come, let us
Seek something new.

Faust. I wish you had something else
To do than thus torment me when I'm quiet.

Meph. Well! well! and if you wish I'll leave you here
To your delights—never say it again.
Great loss to me, indeed, 'twould be to lose
A petulant, unsocial, crazy creature
Of a companion—kept the whole day long
Busy, and never can make any guess
From my lord's countenance, whether your worship
Is pleased or is displeased by what I do.

Faust. Ay, there's the tone—that is so very like him:
Tires me to death—expects me then to thank him!

Meph. Poor child of earth! and couldst thou, then, have borne
Thy life till now without my aid? 'Twas I
That saved thee from imaginations idle!
I guarded thee with long and anxious care;
And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
Idling in other worlds! Why sittest thou there,
Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
Dull as the moping owl? Why, like the toad,
Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone?
Sweet pastime this! most charming occupation!
I fear you've not forgotten your old trade.

Faust. Couldst thou conceive what added life is given
In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain
The devil thou art—still hate and poison it!
Wouldst grudge the short delight——

Meph. Delight indeed!
Yes, transcendental rapture!—mighty fine!—
In night and dew lying among the hills,
In ecstasy embracing earth and heaven—
To swell up till you are a kind of god—
To pierce into the marrow of the earth
In a fool's fancies—all the six-days' task
Of the creation in thy breast to feel—
And in the pride of conscious power enjoy
I know not what of bliss,—to cherish love
That has no limits, but must overflow
Till it loves every thing that is—till earth
And man's poor nature, in the trance forgotten,
Has passed away—and then the glorious hour
Of intuition ending—how it ends
I must not say——

Faust. Fie, fie upon thee.

Meph. Yes!
"Fie, fie!"—it does not suit your taste, forsooth—
Fie, fie! this mannerly word sounds very well
In your mouth now. The modest ears are closed,
And will not hear of what the modest heart

Yet cannot go without. Good, good!—a word,
However, upon what you said—I grudge not
To you or any man such pleasure, as
He now and then may feel, in playing tricks
Of self-deception; pity 'twill not last.
You are already blown out of your course—
Are almost what you were when first we met;
And, if you don't take care, will fret yourself
Soon into actual madness—frenzy-fever,
Or melancholy horror. For your own sake
Have done with this: your love, poor creature! sits
Within there,—you should soothe her! All with her
Is sad and gloomy—out of her poor mind
You never are: she loves devotedly,
Poor thing!—on thee she thinks—thinks evermore.
First came the flood of thy o'erflowing passion,
As swells, when the snows melt, a mountain brook
Above its banks—and thou into her heart
Hast poured the sudden gush; and now the brook
Is dry with thee again: methinks 'twere well,
Instead of reigning here among the woods
On an imaginary throne, that you
Would comfort the young monkey, and requite
The poor thing for her love,—to her the time
Seems miserably long—she lingers at
The window, gazes on the clouds that pass
Slow o'er the old town-walls. "Oh that I were

A little bird!" she cries. This is her song
All the day long, and half the heavy night!
One moment is she mirthful—mostly is
Sad,—then she weeps till she can weep no more;
Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
But mirth or grief, whatever the mood be,
This all is love—deep, tender, passionate love.

Faust. Serpent—vile serpent!

Meph. [*aside*]. Ay, and one that stings

Faust. Infamous wretch, begone! name not her name—
Pollute it not—stir not into desire
My half-distracted senses.

Meph. What is this?—
She deems herself abandoned—and is right.

Faust. Off, viper!

Meph. You are raving—I am laughing:
What a hard task it is, forsooth—just think,
And let it cure your spirits,—you are going
Not—as to look at you one might believe—
Not to the gibbet—but to a fond mistress!

Faust. What were the joys of Heaven, though with them blest
In her embrace?—could my disquiet be
Stilled on her bosom? could it hush to rest
This drear presentiment of her undoing?
And am I not the outcast—the accurst—

The homeless one,—whose wanderings never cease—
The monster of his kind? No rest for me—
No aim—no object; like the stream, that, nurst
With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,
Along its course of ruin,
On to the inevitable precipice—
Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,
And violently seeks the desperate shock.
And—by the side of such mad stream—was she,
—A child with a child's feelings;—her low cot
In the green field upon the mountain slope,
And all that she could wish, or love, or hope,
Her little world, all—all in that poor spot;—
And I—the heaven-detested!—was it not
Enough, that the mad torrent grasped and tore
The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and bore
All, that opposed me, in my downward course
On with me?—Her, too, her—her peace—her joy
These must I undermine?—these too destroy?
Hell! hell!—this victim also!—Thy support,
Devil! and the dreadful interval make short!
What must be, be it soon! Let the crush fall
Down on me of her ruin—perish all—
She—I—and these wild thoughts together!

Meph. What! in the fever-fit again?
How seethes and burns the muddy brain!
—Idiot, go in, and comfort her.

Thus is it ever with the crazy pate,
When difficulties thwart,
Or unforeseen calamities occur:
Fools, when they cannot see their way,
At once grow desperate,
Have no resource—have nothing to propose—
But fix a dull eye of dismay
Upon the final close.
Success to the stout heart, say I,
That sees its fate, and can defy!
—Yet art thou, though of such soft stuff,
In most things pretty devil enough;—
Of all insipid things, I least can bear
That sickening dose—a devil in despair!

MARGARET'S OWN ROOM.

Marg. [*alone at the spinning-wheel*].

[*Sings.*]

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore:
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore!

The place, where he is not,
To me is the tomb,
The world is sadness,
And sorrow and gloom!

My poor sick brain
Is crazed with pain,
And my poor sick heart
Is torn in twain!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
For lost is my love
For evermore!

From the window for him
My heavy eyes roam;
To seek him, all lonely
I wander from home.

His noble form,
His bearing high,
The smiles of his lip,
And the power of his eye;

And the magic tone
Of that voice of his,
His hands' soft pressure,
And oh! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore;
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore!

Far wanders my heart
To feel him near,
Oh! could I clasp him,
And hold him here!

Hold him and kiss him,
Oh! I could die!
To feed on his kisses,
How willingly!

MARTHA'S GARDEN.—MARGARET—FAUST.

Marg.—Promise me, Henry.
Faust. Be assured, my love.
Marg. Now tell me how you are as to religion?
You are a dear good man—but, I rather fear
You have not much of it.
Faust. Forbear, my child,
You feel I love you, and for those I love
I would lay down my life. I would not rob
Any one of his feeling, or his church—
Marg. 'Tis well—but more than that—we must believe.
Faust. Must we?
Marg. Oh, had I any influence!
—You honour not the holy sacraments?
Faust. I honour them.
Marg. But you do not receive.—

At mass or shrift 'tis long since you have been.
Do you believe in God?

Faust. Forbear, my love;
Who can say truly, "I believe in God?"
—Ask it of priest or of philosopher,
And the reply seems but a mockery
Of him who asks.

Marg. Then thou dost not believe!

Faust. Misunderstand me not, thou best-beloved:
Who can name Him, and, knowing what he says,
Say, "I believe in Him?" And who can feel,
And, with self-violence, to conscious wrong
Hardening his heart, say, "I believe him not!"
The All-embracing, All-sustaining One,
Say, doth he not embrace, sustain, include
Thee?—Me?—Himself?—Bends not the sky above?
And earth, on which we are, is it not firm?
And over us with constant kindly smile,
The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch!
Am I not here gazing into thine eyes?
And does not All, that is,
—Seen and unseen, mysterious all—
Around thee, and within,
Untiring agency,
Press on thy heart and mind?
—Fill thy whole heart with it—and when thou art
Lost in the consciousness of happiness—

Then call it what thou wilt,
Happiness!—heart!—love!—God!
I have no name for it—Feeling is all;
Name, sound and smoke,
Dimming the glow of heaven!

Marg. This is all good and right;
The priest says pretty much the same,
But in words somewhat different.

Faust. Every where,
All hearts beneath the universal Heaven,
In its own language each doth utter it—
Then why not I in mine?

Marg. Made easy thus
'Tis plausible—yet must it be unsafe:
Thou art no Christian.

Faust. Hush, my child.

Marg. I grieve to see the company thou keepest.

Faust. What do you mean?

Marg. The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,
I hate him from the bottom of my soul.
In my whole life, has nothing given my heart
So deep a wound, as that man's alien visage.

Faust. Beloved, fear him not.

Marg. The very sight of him makes my blood thrill!
To most men I feel kindliness—but him
Do I detest; and with a feeling strong,
Strong as my love for you—strong as my wishes

To have you with me—does a secret shudder
Creep over me when I behold this man.
He is—I cannot be deceived—he is
A villain;—God forgive me, if I wrong him!

Faust. He's a queer fellow—do not mind his oddities.

Marg. I would not—could not, live together with him.

If for a moment he comes to the door,
He will look in with such an air of mockery,
And a half scowl, and a face dark with anger
Kept down—you see he has no interest
In any thing—'tis written on his brow
He feels no love for any living soul—
And when I am so happy in thy arms,
In the sweet confidence of love forgetting—
Forgetting every thing but thee, then—then
He's sure to come, and my heart shrinks and withers!

Faust. Foreboding angel, these are weak misgivings!

Marg. The feeling overmasters me so wholly,
That if he does but join us, straightway seems it
As if I ceased to love thee—where he is
I could not pray. This eats into my heart.
Henry, it cannot be but that you feel
In this as I do.

Faust. This is antipathy.

Marg. I must away.

Faust. Alas! and may I never

Meet thee, where none can come to trouble us?
One little hour—and must it never be?—
Heart prest to happy heart, and soul to soul!

Marg. Ah, that I slept alone! This very night
How gladly would I leave the door unbolted!
But then my mother's sleep is far from sound;
Did she awake and find you there, I should,
Methinks, drop dead upon the spot.

Faust. Dear angel, throw aside such fears; this phial
Take with you. Three drops of it only, poured
Into her drink, wrap nature up in sleep,
Deep tranquil sleep.

Marg. I must do as you bid.
Could I refuse you?—'Twill not injure her?

Faust. It will not: otherwise would I advise it?

Marg. Dearly beloved, if I but look on you
I must obey—I cannot hesitate:
There is a something not to be resisted,
Which overpowers me—makes your will my guide
In everything; and having gone so far
Already, is choice left me? Having given
So much, what is there for me to refuse?

Meph. [*enters*]. The monkey! is it gone?

Faust. Again
Spying?—

Meph. Yes, and I heard quite plain
The doctor schooled,—the catechumen

Getting a lesson in his creed,
And catechism, from a young woman,
Just now;—I hope that it agreed
With you! The girl's anxiety
For sentimental piety
Is soon explained. The man, think they,
Who worships in the good old way,
When his priest bids him kneels and bows,
Is likely to obey his spouse:
This of itself ensures his wife
A quiet, fair and easy life.
The women fancy, and the fact is
Confirmed, or often so, in practice,
That their admirers are most found
Where your religious men abound—
Love is almost the same emotion:
The devotee—such is their notion—
Thus for the sex feels true devotion,
Courts amorous thoughts and mystic dreaming,
Is led by priests, and follows women.

Faust. Oh! what a monster must thou be,
To see not, or with scoffing see,
How this poor girl's affections lead
The pious creature thus to plead;
The faith, in which she moves and lives—
That which alone salvation gives—
So she believes—may make her fear

Danger to one whom she holds dear;
Fear for the issue of a strife
Where more, she feels, is risked than life!

Meph. Most sentimental sensualist,
—Philosopher at once and beast,—
Led by the nose by a young flirt!

Faust. Abortion—spawn of fire and dirt!

Meph. [*scornfully*].—On Physiognomy she also lectures
Profoundly—feels, when I am present,
Sensations strange and most unpleasant:
—Suppressed malignity my smile betrays;
I wear a mask, forsooth, I will not raise,
And what it hides she sapiently conjectures,
Something mysteriously allied to evil,
A genius—or, perhaps, the very devil.
To-night then.

Faust. What's to-night to thee?

Meph. I've my amusements too—we'll see.

AT THE WELL.—MARGARET *and* LIZZY [*with pitchers*].

Lizzy. Have you not heard of Hannah's pretty doing?

Marg. No, not a word—I've been but little out.

Liz. Kate told it me to-day—there's not a doubt
Of its truth. This comes of airs and impudence,
I always said her pride would be her ruin.

Marg. What mean you?

Liz. What I mean all know but you—
Why, when she eats and drinks she's feeding two.

Marg. Poor thing!

Liz. Poor thing, indeed! great pity for her;
Why, she was always finding some pretence
To be in company with this adorer
Of hers;—at every party—every walk—
How she made out a time for private talk!
Would hang upon his arm, and still be seen
For evermore with him, at booth or green.
She thought herself so fine, none could come near her;
And then their feastings—cakes and wine must cheer her
After their rambles: then her vanity
About her beauty almost like insanity—
And then her meanness—think of her insisting
Upon his making handsome presents to her—
Then came soft words, when there were none to listen,
Then all a girl can give she gave her wooer!

Marg. The poor, poor thing!

Liz. And do you pity her?
When *we* were kept close to our wheels, and when
Our mothers would not suffer us to stir
Abroad at night, or loiter with the men,
Then were they on the seat before the door,
Or in the dark walk lingering evermore;

Now for the stool and white sheet of repentance;
For one, I feel no sorrow at her sentence.

Marg. Poor creature! but, no doubt, he'll marry her.

Liz. He!—he'll be no such fool—the de'il may carry her,
For what he cares—they say that he is off;
He'll find another market soon enough.

Marg. That is not fair.

Liz. 'Twill be almost as bad,
We will so plague her—if she get the lad;—
The wedding garland, should she think to wear it,
From the mock virgin shall the children tear it;
And, at her door, what fun we shall have, spreading
Chopped straw, to greet the promise of their wedding.

[*Exit.*

Marg. [*returning home*]. How I would rail when some poor girl went wrong!
How, when it was another's sin and shame,
Words of reproach would rise up to my tongue!
It was, it was black—oh how black, and I
Blackened it more and more—no words of blame
This virtuous scorn of mine could satisfy—
Others might fall, but I more proud became—
I blessed myself, and held myself so high,
And I who thus could feel—am I the same?
But could I—who could—have resisted here?
All was so good! all was so very dear!

ZWINGER.—*A Little Shrine.*

In a niche of the wall an image of the MATER DOLOROSA, *with flowers before it.*—MARGARET *places fresh flowers in the bowls.*

Marg. Mother benign,
Look down on me!
No grief like thine;
Thou who dost see
In his death-agony
Thy Son divine.

In faith unto the Father dost thou lift up thine eyes;
In faith unto the Father dost pray with many sighs.
The sword is piercing thine own soul, and thou in pain dost pray,
That the pangs which torture him, and are thy pangs, may pass away.

And who my wound can heal
And who the pain can feel,
That rends asunder brain and bone?
How my poor heart, within me aching,
Trembles and yearns, and is forsaken—
Thou knowest it—thou alone!

Where can I go? Where can I go?
Every where woe! woe! woe!

Nothing that does not my own grief betoken ;
And when I am alone,
I moan, and moan, and moan,
And am heart-broken.

The flowers upon my window sill,
Wet with my tears since dawn they be ;
All else were sleeping, while I was weeping,
Praying and choosing flowers for thee.

Into my chamber brightly
Came the early sun's good-morrow ;
On my restless bed, unsightly,
I sate up in my sorrow.

Oh, in this hour of death, and the near grave,
Succour me, thou, and save !
Look on me with that countenance benign.
Never was grief like thine,—
Look down, look down on mine !

NIGHT.—*Street before Margaret's door.*

VALENTINE [*a soldier*—MADGE'S *brother*].

Till now, as round the canteen hearth,
My comrades, in their drunken mirth,
Would of their favourites gaily boast,
And pledge with soldier's glee the toast ;

How on my elbow I would rest,
Smile as each swore his own the best,
And stroke my beard, and raise my glass,
And when my turn to name the lass
Came round, would say, "Each to his taste;
In my own home my heart is placed.
Where is the maiden, any where,
That with my Margaret can compare?
Is there than Madge's in the land
A truer heart or fairer hand?"
Oh, then, how cups and goblets rang,
While voices rose with joyous clang:
"Right, right," in chorus, hundreds cried,
"First of them all—the country's pride—
His sister is"—and dumb and tame
The boasters suddenly became.
And now—oh, I could rend my hair,
Could dash my brains out in despair;—
Now must I feel my bosom gored
By daggers in each casual word,
And every ruffian's sneering eye
And scornful taunt my patience try;
Gnawing my wrath must I remain,
And suffer and suppress my pain,
Nor dare say any word again;
As hears the debtor gibe and curse,
Who meets a claim with empty purse.

Avenge it—what can vengeance do?
Must I not feel the taunt is true?

See yonder! sneaking out of sight,
Two skulking scoundrels.—Am I right?
—'Tis he—would Heaven that it were he—
He scarce shall 'scape me if it be.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. See, in the window of yon sacristy,
How from its little lamp the constant light
Streams up—while, at the sides, less and less bright,
'Tis fading—till it dies in the thick night
That deepens round—and thus it is with me—
Darkness on every side around me spreads.

Meph. And I am like the thievish cat that treads,
Prowling along, up ladders and down leads—
A nibble in the dark—there's no harm in it—
Or snatching on the roof a stolen love-minute.
Already do I feel the power,
The fun and frolic of the hour;
The advent of WALPURGIS NIGHT
Bids every limb thrill with delight:
Another night—another day,
And then the glorious FIRST OF MAY;
Then to the Brocken fare we forth,
Then learn that life is something worth.

Faust. Behold yon blue light glimmering!
Is that the treasure? Lurks it there?
And will it from the dark earth spring?

Meph. Be patient—you shall shortly bring
The casket into open air:
I peeped into the secret hoard,
And saw the lion-dollars stored.

Faust. What! merely money? who would think it?
What good is this? no ring—no trinket?
No ornament for the dear girl?

Meph. Oh yes; there are some beads of pearl.

Faust. I am glad of it,—it is not pleasant
To go to her without some present.

Meph. Is there then no such thing as pleasure,
But what you may by payment measure?
I differ there with you—but see,
The heaven is hushed, and full of stars:
Now for a moment favour me
With silence—while I sing some bars
Of an old song—a sweet old air,
Touched with true skill—a moral song
That lures the heart and will along.

[*Sings to the guitar.*]

Why, Catherine, stay
At dawn of day,
At dawning gray,
Before the younker's door?

The merry blade
Lets in the maid,
That out a maid
Never departeth more!
Beware—beware,
And guard, ye fair,
Your hearts with care.
Poor things, beware of men—
Oh, listen not to any thing
They may say, or swear, or sing,
Till on the finger is the ring—
Beware, say I again.

Val. [*comes forward*]. What brings ye here? whom come ye to destroy,
Cursed rat-catchers?—to the devil with the lure—
To the devil with the scoundrels.

Meph. Well done, boy,
The poor guitar is cracked beyond all cure.

Val. Now for his skull.

Meph. Now, Doctor, now's your time.
Courage—stick close—that's a brave fellow:
Have at him—just do as I tell you—
Out with your duster—thrust away—
I'll parry.

Val. Parry that.

Meph. Child's play!
Easily done.

Val. And that.

Meph. As easy quite.

Val. The devil assists him in the fight—
My hand is wounded.

Meph. Now thrust home.

Val. Oh, torture!

Meph. The clown's done for—come,
We'd best be off—have not a minute
To lose—already is the cry
Of murder raised—and although I
Know the police, and have friends in it,
This is a very ugly scrape.
To manage it in any shape
Perplexes me.

Mar. [*at the window*]. Up!—Up!—

Marg. [*at her window*]. A light!

Mar. Railing and scuffling—how they fight!

People. [*in the street*]. One of them is already dead.

Mar. Seize on the murderers—are they fled?

Marg. [*coming out*]. Who is it?—who?

People Thy mother's son.

Marg. Oh God!

Val. I die—said soon—soon done!
Women, why stand you wailing, crying?
Will you not listen? I am dying.
Margaret, take counsel, you are still
Young, and conduct your business ill;

I speak in confidence—you are
A strumpet—throw away pretence—
Be one in earnest—there were sense
In this—be one thing or the other.
Marg. My God! what can you mean, my brother?
Val. Best let the name of God alone!
That which is done, alas! is done.
The past is past—the wretched game
You play is everywhere the same,
Begins in folly—ends in shame.
First one man visits—then, less private,
Another; soon the coy beginner
Will welcome all, till she arrive at
The streets, and is a common sinner.

When SHAME is born, she shrinks from sight,
Draws over her the veil of night,
Trembles at every stir, and tries
Of hood and cloak the mean disguise,
Yea—unfamiliar yet with sin—
Would hush the warning voice within.
On moves she unobserved, unknown;
But bigger soon, and bolder grown,
Walks, hand in hand, the broad highway,
With SLANDER, in the eye of day,
And as her features, marred and coarse,
From hour to hour look worse and worse,

While men behold her with affright,
She stalks affronting the daylight.

Already do I see the day,
When all, with loathing, turn away
From thee, as from a plague-struck corse,
I see the gnawings of remorse:
—Abandoned outcast of the street,
How wilt thou bear their eyes to meet?
Never, as once, the golden chain
To wear in pride—never again!
Never again, that fairest face,
To shine at church, in the high place,
And never more the dance to grace;—
No more in modest pride to deck
With frills of snowy lace thy neck;
But in some filthy nook to lie,
'Mong strumpets live—'mong beggars die;
And find, for thee, heart-broken one,
Though God has mercy, Man has none.

Mar. Pray, dying man, for mercy; dread
To heap God's curses on thy head!

Val. Fiend, could I tear thy leprous skin!
Procuress! sordid slave of sin!
Then might I rest, my conscience freed
From every weight by that one deed.

Marg. My brother—oh, what agony—
Brother, forgive—I grieve for thee.
Val. Cease weeping thus for me: thy fall—
That was the sharpest wound of all.
Fearless I go—as fits the brave—
To God and to a soldier's grave.

CATHEDRAL.—*Service.—Organ and Anthem.*

MARGARET *among* a *number of people.*—EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

Evil Spirit. How changed is everything
With thee, poor Margaret,
Since when, still full of innocence,
Thou to this very altar
Didst come, and from the little old thumbed prayer-book
Didst lisp the murmured prayers;
Half with the children out at play,
In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,
And half with God in heaven.
And dost thou, canst thou think? . . .
Thy brain, where wanders it? . . .
In thy heart oh what a weight
Of guilt, of evil done!

Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—
She who through thee did sleep and sleep away
Into undying agonies?
And on thy door-stead whose the blood?
And in thy bosom is there not
A stirring, that is torture,
And with foreboding fears
Makes felt the present woe?

Marg. Woe, woe!
Oh that I could escape
These dark thoughts flitting over and athwart me,
And all accusing me!

Choir. DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA.

Evil Spirit. The judgment arrests thee—
The trumpet is sounding—
The graves are astir—
And thy heart,
From the sleep of its ashes,
For fiery torture
Created again,
Awakes up and trembles.

Marg. That I were out of this—
I feel as if the organ
Stifled my breathing,
And that the anthem was
Breaking my heart.

Choir. JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,
QUIDQUID LATET ADPAREBIT,
NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT.

Marg. I feel so tightened here,
The pillars of the wall
Are grasping me;
The arch above
Weighs on me.—Air!

Evil Spirit. Hide thyself—sin and shame
Will find thee out—
O, never were they hidden—
Air—light—exposure—
Woe's thee!

Choir. QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS,
QUEM PATRONUM ROGATURUS,
CUM VIX JUSTUS SIT SECURUS.

Evil Spirit. From thee their countenances
The sons of light all turn.
To reach to thee their hands
Makes the pure shudder—
Woe!

Choir. QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS.

Marg. [*fainting, to the girl next her*]. Your flasket, friend.

WALPURGIS NIGHT.—*Hartz Mountains.*

SHIRKE AND ELEND.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. Would not a broomstick be a good thing here
For a tired man to ride? I wish I had got
A buck-goat, rough and tough—neck thick, trot quick:
The road is long, and we are loitering,
The time just come—the place still far away.

Faust. While I feel firm upon my limbs, the road
Thus wild and intricate but pleases me;
And this knobbed staff affords support enough.
Why should we wish the way more short? To steal
Silently through the deep vale's labyrinth,
And issuing thence to climb these rocks, from which
The bubbling water gushes up for ever,
And streams a white precipitous cataract—
'Tis this—'tis this that makes such paths delightful.
The stirring breath of spring hath waked the birch,
And the slow pine already feels her power—
Shall we alone of all that live and breathe
Remain uninfluenced by her cheering spirit?

Meph. I can feel nothing of it—all within
With me is winter—give me the bleak snow,
And the cold ice upon my desolate path.

With what a red and melancholy light
The waning moon's imperfect orb is moving,
Casting faint, cold, unserviceable beams,
And making each step dangerous—lest the foot
Dash 'gainst some straggling tree or jutting rock;
I'll call a wildfire Will-o'-the-Wisp to light us.
See, there is one burns bright and merrily.
The freakish spark, look, how he flings away
On the regardless night his spendthrift splendour.
Holla! my friend, come join our company;
Come, come, instead of wasting idly there,
Come be the pilot of our perilous way,
Move on, and light us through the desert moors.

Will-o'-the-Wisp. Yours most respectfully—I'll strive to serve you;
But it is struggling against nature—devious
And zig-zag is our customary course.

Meph. Ha, ha!—ha, ha! he thinks to mimic man;
Go straight—for once—in the devil's name, go straight—
On, saucy spark, on—or I'll blow thee out,
Poor gleam of marsh-light life.

Will-o'-the-Wisp. 'Tis plain to see
That the master of the house is here—my lord,
I will be all I can be, to oblige you,—
But, think, the hill to-day is mad with magic;
And, if we should not go the straightest road,
Remember that your guide is but a meteor.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, METEOR [*alternately*].

SONG.

Into the magic world, the centre
Of fancies strange and dreamy science,
By a meteor led, we enter,
His wild light our best reliance.
Then, Meteor, guide us on in haste,
Through regions lonely, wide, and waste.

Woods—how swift they vanish by us!
Trees on trees—how fast they fly us!
And the cliffs, with antic greeting,
Bending forward and retreating,
How they mock the midnight meeting;
Ghastly rocks grin glaring on us,
Panting, blowing, as they shun us!

Trickling on, through sward and stone,
Rill and rivulet run down—
Murmuring and rustling near,
Voices meet and mock the ear;
Sweet sounds greet us from above:
Are they—are they words of love?
Tender tones, that from the wild wood
Whisper back the days of childhood?
All that was, when we were young,

Eden to the heart, now meets it;
And the rock, with airy tongue,
Recalls, restores, the enchanted song,
And lingering in love repeats it.
How the song of echo chimes
Like the voice of other times!

Tu-whoo!—Tu-whoo!—the owl's in view—
Nearer, clearer, comes his hooting—
Through the dusk air see him shooting—
The long-horned owl, with pinions gray,
The blind bat born in circles dizzy,
The crow—the lapwing—and the jay,
Are wakeful all—all out and busy—
See lizards in the green twigs tender,
With heavy paunch and long legs slender—
Every where strange sights we see—
Are they what they seem to be?—
Here's many a twining plant that flings
Round rock and root its serpent strings,
And seeks to dart, in eager watch
The heedless journeyer's foot to catch,
From close-compacted living masses
Its angry fangs on each who passes;
Every where around us playing,
Many-coloured mice are straying,
Numberless, 'mong moss and heather;

And the fire-flies crowd together,
With buzzing motion, swarming, crushing,
Round our meteor leader rushing!

We be strangers here who stray,
Natives of the hills are they,
Gleesome creatures bright and gay,
Merry guides! hurrah! hurrah!—
Wild the escort—wild the way!

Tell me, tell me, where we are—
We have wandered fast and far—
Is our wizard journey ended?
Is the Brocken yet ascended?
Round us every thing seems wheeling,
Trees are whirling, rocks are reeling—
All in rapid circles spinning,
With motion dizzying and dinning,
Every thing that round us races
Makes grotesque and fiendish faces;
Swelling, puffing, multiplying,
On all sides wild-fire lights are flying.

Meph. Come, be alive—so far, so well;
We're at the half-way pinnacle.—
The worst is over now—catch fast
My mantle, while we turn and cast
A glance beneath us on the mines
Where MAMMON in the mountains shines!

Faust. What a strange glimmer stains the ground,
Like the dull heavy clouds around
The east, ere yet the sun ascends:
Far down the dusky hue extends,
For leagues below earth's surface spread,
A gloomy—thick—discoloured red,
Tinging the dreary sides of this
Desperate, hope-deadening precipice—
Here rises smoke, there vaporous whiteness,
But yonder what a blaze of brightness
On every object round is gleaming!—
Now in a narrow thread 'tis streaming,
And now the illuminating current
Bursts sparkling like a winter torrent,
Here, round the vale, you see it wind,
In long veins delicate and slender,
And there in bondage strict confined,
It brightens into burning splendour!
A thousand sparks, like gold-dust, sprinkling
The waste air, are before us twinkling,
And see the tall rock kindling, brightening,
Glows with intensity of lightning—
Turret,—'twould seem—and fence and spire
Lit up at once with festal fire.

Meph. Well, is not Mammon's princely hall
Lit gaily for our festival!
I'm glad you've seen it—the wild night

Bodes storm, that soon will hide it quite—
Already is it swept from sight—
Wild work is on the winds—I see already
Omens that say the boisterous guests are coming.

Faust. The angry gale blows insolently upon us!
How keen and cold upon my neck it falls,
Like strokes of some sharp weapon.

Meph. Firmly seize
The old projections of the ribbed rock—
Else it will blow you down into the chasm
Yawning below us like a sepulchre.

Clouds frown heavily, and hearken
How the wood groans as they darken,
And the owls, in fear and fright
At the stormy face of night,
Beat the air in homeward flight;
The halls of evergreen are shaking,
And their thousand pillars breaking,
Hearken how the tempest wrenches
Groaning trunks and crashing branches,
And the earth beneath is rifted,
And the shrieking trees uplifted—
Bole, and bough, and blossom cheerful,
Fair trees fall in ruin fearful;
—How the haughty forest brothers
Bend and tremble!—how they fall!

How they cling on one another's
Arms !—each crushes each and smothers,
Till, tangled, strangled, down come all;
And the wild Winds through the ruin
Are howling, hissing, and hallooing !
Down the valleys how they sweep,
Round and round, above and under,
Rend the giant cliffs asunder,
And, with shout and scream appalling,
Catch the mighty fragments falling !
How they laugh, and how they leap,
As they hurry off their plunder !
Headlong steep, and gorges deep,
Gulf, and glen, and rock, in wonder,
Echo back the stormy thunder !
——List !—I thought I heard a ringing
In my ear of voices singing—
Above—around us—faint, now clearer,
Distant now—now warbling nearer—
Now, all the haunted hill along,
Streams the maddening, magic song !

Witches in Chorus. On to the Brocken the witches are flocking—
Merry meet—merry part—how they gallop and drive,
Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,
And young green corn is merry alive,
With the shapes and shadows swimming by,

To the highest heights they fly,
Where Sir Urian sits on high—
Throughout and about,
With clamour and shout,
Drives the maddening rout,
Over stock, over stone ;
Shriek, laughter, and moan,
Before them are blown.

A Voice. Before the rest—beyond the best—
Who to lead the group is fitter?
In savage pride see Baubo ride
On her sow about to litter.

Chorus. Baubo—honour to whom honour—
Benediction be upon her—
Forward, mother !—as we speed us,
Who so fit as thou to lead us !
Forward—clear the way before us !
Then follow we in screaming chorus !

A Voice. Whence came you?

A Voice. Over Ilsenstein—
As I past I peeped into a nest,
And the night-owl, scared from her stupid rest,
Fixed her frightened eyes on mine !

A Voice. O go to the devil—why drive you so fast?

A Voice. She grazed my side as she hurried past,
And the skin is sore and the blast is chill :
Look there—see where—'tis bleeding still.

Chorus of Witches. The way is long, and weary, and wide—
And the madman throng crowds on every side—
The pitchforks scratch, and the broomsticks scrape,
Will the child within escape,
When the mother, crushed to death,
Suffocating pants for breath?

Wizards and Warlocks. [*Semichorus* 1.] Like the lazy snail,
we linger and trail:
Our woman-kind, as fleet as the wind,
Have left us far and far behind—
On a road like this men droop and drivel,
While woman goes fearless and fast to the devil.

Wizards and Warlocks. [*Semichorus* 2.] Swift they go, and
swift they go,
And gain a thousand steps or so,
But slow is swift, and swift is slow.
Woman will bustle, and woman will justle,
But yet at the end will lose the day,
For hurry and hurry as best she may,
Man at one long bound clears the way.

Voices from above. Come with us—come with us from
Felsen-see,
From the lake of rocks to the eagle height
Of the hills—come with us—to-night—to-night!

Voices from below. To wander above, is the thing we love.
Oh for one hour of this one night!
For one mad dance on the Brocken height!

When shall we join in the wild delight?
We have washed, and washed, and washed us white
Again and again—we are barren quite—
But our hearts are aglow, our cheeks are bright—
We have watched a-left—we have watched a-right,
And we hear the sound of the far-off flight
As they hurry away, and are swept from sight.

The Two Choruses. That wind that scattered the clouds is dead,
And they thicken soon o'er the wandering moon:
She hides her head—and the stars are fled;—
With a whispering, whistling, drizzling sound,
And a fall of meteor fires around—
Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.

Voice from below. Stop—stop—stop.

Voice from above. What voice is this
Calls to us from the abyss?
Seems it that the words just spoken
From the crannied rock have broken?

Voice from below. Stop—stop—stop—for me—for me—
Guarded and bound with slant rocks round—
Stop—stop—stop—and make me free—
Three hundred years moiling, three hundred years toiling,
Hurry work—weary work—step after step;—
I grasp and I grope, and in time I have hope
To climb to the top—sisters, stop—sisters, stop—

I anoint every joint, and I pray my own prayer,
In the May-sabbath night, to the Prince of the air.—
Are you not my kindred?—and why am I hind'red
From mixing among you, and meeting him there?

Both Choruses. Brooms fly fast when warlocks ride 'em
Rams, with those who know to guide 'em;
Broken branches gallop lightly;
Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.

A buck-goat or boar is as good as the best of them?
Each man for himself, and who cares for the rest of them?
Many an egg-shell air-balloon,
To-night will land at our saloon;
He who fails in his endeavour
To join us now, is gone for ever.

Half-Witch from below. Far away I hear their laughter,
Hopelessly I stumble after;
Cannot rest at home in quiet—
Here I cannot join the riot.

Witches in Chorus. Strength is given us by this ointment—
We will keep to-night's appointment—
We can speed on sea, no matter
Were the sail a cobweb tatter;
And a plank as weak and thin as
Snail's abandoned shell our pinnace.
He who cannot fly to-night,
Will never soar a wizard's flight.

Both Choruses. And when we've reached the topmost bound,
Like swallows skim the haunted ground;
Far and wide upon the heath,
Spread your circling guard beneath;
Watch and ward 'gainst treachery,
With all the hosts of witchery.

Meph. The air is heavy and oppressive,
And the whirling din excessive;
Rattling with the ceaseless babble,
Of the tumultuous hell-driven rabble;
Sultry, vaporous, and sickening;
To a denser substance thickening,
Burning noisomely, and glittering
With fiery sparks for ever frittering,
Poisoning every thing it reaches,
Atmosphere for fiends and witches.
But cling more close to me, or we will lose
Each other soon—where art thou?

Faust [*from a great distance*]. Here I am!

Meph. What, lost already—torn away so far—
Then must I show that I am master here!
Make way, good people, for my young friend yonder:—
Room for young VOLAND—room, sweet people, room.
Here, Doctor, cling to me, and with one spring
We'll rid ourselves of the whole set at once.
They are too bad—this raving is too much

Even for me.—Look yonder at the blaze
Of brightness—a distinct and steady flame!
How different from all the brimstone torches
And wildfire lights that madden round the hill,—
It tempts me to explore that distant copse—
Come let us steal away from this wild crowd.

Faust. Spirit of Contradiction—well, lead on!
I cannot but admire the bright idea
Of wandering to the Brocken in May-night,
To enjoy, forsooth, the charms of solitude.

Meph. See, see the lights! how cheerily they burn!
There seems to be a merry set assembled,
A little party met of choice gay spirits.

Faust. Yet would I rather be above—see! see!
Where through the whirls of smoke bursts the red light,
And glows and triumphs—in what hurrying waves
Numbers on numbers evermore increasing,
The thickening throng streams onward — still — still onward—
All under the resistless fascination—
All to the worship of the evil One—
The clue to many a puzzling mystery
May be found here—to-night will be unravelled
Many a strange riddle.

Meph. And strange riddles, too,
May be proposed to-night, and not unravelled—
But leave we the great world and its distractions,

While we enjoy our quiet corner here.
'Tis quite established that, in all large parties,
The guests divide in small and scattered circles—
See the young witches all are naked there,
And all the old ones with coy bashfulness,
Veiling their timid charms—come, come, look pleasant,
If it were only to oblige a friend—
'Tis not much trouble, and we'll have rare sport.
I hear the music—curse upon their scraping!—
But 'twill sound better when we're used to it.
Come, come, I must insist upon your coming—
Come—I must introduce my honoured friend..
Well now, what think you? Is not this a long
And splendid room? You scarce can see the end!
A line of fires—at least a hundred, shine
Brilliantly: what a scene of gaiety
Of all kinds—chatting, dancing, drinking here—
Cooking, and making love—can any thing
In the world be pleasanter?

Faust. In what character
Are we to know you—devil, or conjuror?

Meph. I travel, usually, *incognito;*
But upon gala days the great display
Their stars and orders.—I've no need to sport
A garter—for the horse's foot is here
In high repute.—See you that sliding snail?
Eye—smell—touch—all gathered up into one?

Hither she creeps—her trembling feelers out—
Instinctively she knows that I am here,
And touching—smelling—eyeing, on prowls she,
Crowding herself together—wide awake—
Out of her frozen sleep suddenly roused.
Even if I wished disguise, it here would be
A thing impossible—come, come with me.
Forward from fire we saunter on to fire:
Play you the lover where I introduce you.

[*As they pass on,* MEPHISTOPHELES *addresses a party sitting round a few dying embers.*]

Old gentleman, pray, how do you get on
In the corner here? Why—sure you ought to be
Alive, and flirting in some merry circle.
See, where the gay young girls are giggling, yonder,—
If you are thus dull, you might have stayed at home.

General. Who may trust a people's favour,
Though he fight for them for ever?
To nations, as to girls ungrateful,
The young are dear, the old are hateful.

Ex-Minister. Little now to prize or praise;
—Give me back the good old days,
When kings and courts obeyed our call,
And ourselves were all in all.

Parvenu. I was one of Fortune's pupils,
Disregarded doubts and scruples;

Thus her golden gifts I found;
Then, alas! the wheel turned round.

Author. How public taste declines!—they never
Read works that once were counted clever;
—And then the critics—all invidious—
Pert, prating, ignorant, fastidious!

Meph. [*who has suddenly assumed the appearance of extreme old age*]. I feel the world is waning into age;
All things are ripening fast for the last day.
With feeble, tottering feet, for the last time,
I've climbed the witches' hill—the wine of life
Is low with me—and therefore 'tis that I,
An old man, think the world is on the lees.

Huckster-Witch. Who'll buy? who'll buy?—great bargains going!
Rare things here to tempt the knowing!—
Stop and see them!—my collection
Well deserves minute inspection.
Such variety, in vain
Would you hope to meet again,
Of the curious articles,
Which your own old woman sells:
Rare and precious! every one
Hath on earth its business done.
Will you have the dagger knife,
That hath drained a brother's life?
Or the cup that held a draught,

Which was death for him that quaffed?
—This was from a royal feast,
And a queen had drugged the bowl:
—This a chalice, and the priest,
—On him a confiding soul
Looked for comfort—poured in it
Venom of the aconite:
Here are trinkets—chain and gem—
Young man, you should purchase them—
Pearls, with which the wealthy donor
Won vain woman to dishonour.
Poor things! poor things!—the best and kindest
Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
And feels, and loves, and does not reason—
And they are lost—poor things! poor things!
—Here are swords, the gift of kings,
That have done the work of treason;
Or pierced, some coward hand directing,
The sleeping or the unsuspecting.

Meph. Old lady, you mistake the times we live in—
Every one's heart to novelty is given:
Throw out your box of relics—such antiques
As these no creature fancies now or seeks.
The past is dead and gone—the present passion
Is novelty—this trash is out of fashion.

Faust. Scarce know I who I am or where—
They crowd and rush as at a fair.

Meph. Forward the whirling crowd is striving,
All driven along the stream and driving,
All rushing on in one direction,
And each enjoying the reflection
That he to-night is his own sovereign,
That his own thoughts his movements govern,
Unconscious that the same broad river
Bears down its wave each self-deceiver.

Faust. Who's that?

Meph. Her features closely scan—
'Tis the first wife of the first man.

Faust. Who, say you?

Meph. ADAM's first wife, LILITH.
Beware—beware of her bright hair,
And the strange dress that glitters there:
Many a young man she beguileth,
Smiles winningly on youthful faces,
But woe to him whom she embraces!

Faust [*looking at another group*]. The old grey witch—
how she squats down—poor devil!
Panting for breath—half dead—fainting and floun-
dering—
And the young vixen with her finds the revel
Rather too much for her—she, too, is foundering.

Meph. Nonsense, the fun will ne'er be over.
Advance, my friend, and play the lover.
Look, man, the girl's well worth the winning—

Come, join the dances just beginning.

[FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *take partners.*

Faust [*dancing with the young witch*]. 'Twas my fortune once to see
In a dream an apple-tree;
Rosy apples—one, two, three—
With a glad smile tempted me;
And to-night again I seem,
In the trance of that sweet dream,
Lovely is the tree I wis,
And the apple pleasant is.

His Part. Dear little apples—ay! their price
Was more than gold in paradise—
And pleasant to the sight and touch
I come from gardens rich in such.

Meph. [*with the old witch*]. I had a troubled dream, and it
Was haggard as a night-mare fit.
I saw an old tree torn and split,
And yet it pleased me, I admit.

His Part. With lowest courtesy I salute
The gay knight of the Horse's Foot;
The tree of knowledge, trunk and root,
Is his—and his must be the fruit.

Proctophantasmist. Cursed devils—how they murder
All attempts at keeping order:
All in vain it is to prove

To Spirits by what laws they move :—
Mocking at all regulation,
Ridiculing demonstration,
See them onward still advancing,
Ghosts ! like men and women dancing.

Faust's Part. Who's this presumes to interfere?
What means the forward fellow here?

Faust. What—he?—why he is everywhere—
He never dances—but he guides
Opinion—disapproves—decides—
On carriage and the true division
Of time gives laws with calm precision.
While others *dance* he *criticizes*,
And all is perfect that he prizes ;
And what he does not prate about
Is but of small account, no doubt ;
Nay, such his wondrous powers of seeing,
What he beholds not has no being ;
Our careless grouping must perplex him,
But dancing forward's sure to vex him.
The only figures he approves
Are where the set in circles moves,
Still turning his own humdrum round
Within the same contracted bound,
Holding, at times, grave consultation,
Listening to him with veneration,

As he with magisterial rigour
Commands a change of tune and figure.
Proc. Still here! defying me! this rabble
Of rude ghosts!—'tis intolerable!
What! restlessly still thronging hither?
Vanish from my sight—fade—wither—
How can men say that spectres haunt 'em?
—The mind, does it not make the phantom?
Who and what are they?—mere relations
That we may see or not at pleasure—
And here they come and—grant me patience—
Mix in the dance—converse at leisure.
I thought, that, by my labours brightened,
The world for this was too enlightened.
These devils—they rise, and in derision
Of all I say, still cross my vision.
What—beings, that have no existence,
To mock each law of time and distance!
Why, after this, the TEGEL ghost
May grin again at his old post.
I thought I'd swept away these fancies
Of plays, and poems, and romances!
Still here! with all the noise of Babel,
These dreams of a forgotten fable!
Faust's Part. Silence, silence, old intruder!
Proc. What! the ghosts are growing ruder—

How they beard me, in defiance
Of every inference of science!
Fiends, I tell you to your faces,
I will make you know your places!
What! in public thus to fool us!
A mob of ghosts, forsooth, to rule us! [*The dancing goes on.*
To-night—why this is Goblin-hall,
Spirits and spectres all in all.
My comments—what are they?—the cavils,
Of a sour cynic on his travels,
A passing stranger's jealous spite.
—But Time will set the matter right,
Good sense assert its proper power,
Dethrone the tyrant of the hour,
And take revenge on my tormentors,
Goblins, and ghosts, and ghost-inventors!

Meph. He'll throw himself into a puddle:
There will he, stupefying, muddle,
Till leeches, clinging to his body,
Are weary of their banquet bloody:
For spirits sinking—spirits rising
The one cure is phlebotomizing;
Delusions vanish soon—the leech
Diseases of the head can reach
And cure them—biting on the breech.—
Blue devils fade fast, and, disappearing,
Smile on the sage with aspect cheering.

The brain will thus correct and clear its
Vague whims, and vexing thoughts of spirits.
—Why have you quitted thus already
Your sweet and captivating lady,
Who sang so lovingly and well,
And danced so——

Faust. Why, I fear to tell;
But from her mouth, while she was singing,
I saw a little red mouse springing.

Meph. Why start at trifles, my good fellow?
'Tis well it was not grey or yellow.
What can these dull suspicions profit?
The mouse—why make a mountain of it?
A pretty sort of reason this is
To fly a loving lady's kisses.

Faust. And then I saw——

Meph. What?

Faust. Look, Mephisto, there,
See you far off, and shadow-like, a fair
Pale form—a lovely girl—almost a child—
Standing alone—with sweet eyes, sad and mild?
She looks on us—she moves—she leaves the place—
Her feet are bound—she slides with mournful pace.
I cannot from my heart dispel the wild,
Strange thought, that her's is my own Margaret's face.

Meph. Repel that thought; 'tis but an idle trick
Of heated fancy, and the form you see

Is nothing but a magic mockery.
To gaze on it most dangerous may be.
Charmed by its marble stare, the blood grows thick
And hardens into marble; but ere now
You must have heard of pale MEDUSA's brow.

Faust. Ah, no! a corpse's eyes are those
Whose lids no loving fingers close.
'Tis she—that form—that face—that breast
So often to my bosom prest.

Meph. Fool! 'tis delusion! every lover
Would there his charmer's looks discover.

Faust. What mirth is here—and, oh! what grief—my glance
Still—still returns to that pale countenance;
And see around her neck a slender chain,
That stripes the snowy skin with crimson stain:
Scarce broader than a knife's thin edge it gleams—
A strangely chosen ornament it seems.

Meph. Yes, you are right; for I can see it too.
— But think no more of it than others do.
Be not surprised, if you should see her carry
Her head under her arm—'twere like enough;
For since the day that PERSEUS cut it off,
Such things are not at all extraordinary.
But see, all others here are pleasant;
Cease moping, and enjoy the present:
All around the hill is merriment—

Try thou the same experiment.
Never did crowded capital
A gayer throng together call;
And if my senses do not err,
Yonder's an open theatre.
— Well, what's your business?
Servibilis. We are just beginning—
'Tis a new piece—the last of seven—seven is
The customary number here—'twas written
By a young amateur of fancy—the actors
Are dilettanti all—your pardon, gentlemen,
But I must vanish—I'm an amateur
Myself—and for this one night draw the curtain.
Meph. Blocksberg for ever!—not a player
On earth but merits to be there!

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

THE GOLDEN BRIDAL OF OBERON AND TITANIA.

AN INTERLUDE.

Manager. To-day our trouble is but small,
No need of nice machinery;
A valley moist and hill are all
The necessary scenery.

Herald. 'Mong mortals with the fiftieth year
Of wedlock comes the Golden Feast—
A happier feast of gold is here
Commemorating discord ceast.

Oberon. Subject spirits, crowd the scene,
Celebrate, with exultation,
The union of your king and queen,
This happy reconciliation.

Puck. Here comes Puck—you'll always find me
Circling in the merry dance,
And a hundred more behind me
Twinkling joyous feet advance.

Ariel. Sweet, heavenly sweet is Ariel's song.
What a crowd of hideous features
The music wins, and what a throng
Follows me of lovely creatures!

Oberon. Men and wives who would agree,
We invite your imitation;
The only certain recipe
For dying love is separation.

Titania. If wife be cross, and husband fuming,
To make them know each other's worth,
To the South Pole take the woman,
And her husband to the North.

The Whole Orchestra. Insect swarms, in murmuring flight,
Our musicians of the night,
Fly, and gnat, and bee, and beetle,
Ply mouth, nose, and winglet little,
Crickets, chirping, 'mong the bushes,
And hoarse frogs croaking from the rushes.

Solo. Hear the drowsy bagpipe groan,
The bag's a soap-blown bubble airy,
And grumbling through the winding drone
Come sullen sounds extraordinary.

Embryo Spirit. Spider's foot and lizard's belly,
And winglets for the embryo!
The animated lump of jelly
Writes verses of the smoothest flow.

Partners dancing. Little steps—light, springy leaps
Through honey-dew and field-flowers fragrant;
How pleasant, but that something keeps
From fields of air the willing vagrant!

Inquisitive Traveller. A thousand figures here burlesque
A masquerade's wild gaiety,
And mingling with the groups grotesque,
See Oberon the little deity.

Orthodox Divine. What! without claws—without a tail!
Yet all whose thoughts are sober on

Such serious subjects know too well
The "GODS OF GREECE" and OBERON.

Artist from the North. As yet my works are sketches merely,
Though you'll admit done prettily,
But I've made my arrangements nearly
For travelling in Italy.

Formalist. What sinful, riotous excesses!
Fool that I was to join the crowd here—
Such shockingly indecent dresses!
And but a witch in two wears powder!

Young Witch. Keep powder, patch, and petticoat
For grey-haired hags—skins smeared and sooty—
While I sit fearless on my goat
In the free pride of naked beauty.

Matron. For scolding we've too much politeness—
Sneers like this are best forgotten.
Rosy cheek, and soft neck's whiteness,
May they soon be coarse and rotten!

Leader of the Band. Insect-harpers, as you wander
Round the hall in many a ringlet,
Spare the naked beauty yonder
Wound of sting, or touch of winglet.

Grasshoppers from the green bushes,
Brown frogs croaking from the rushes,
Brave musicians for the night,
Watch that the tune and time go right.

Weathercock [*pointing in one direction*]. Well, what a brilliant company!
The girls how fair and unaffected!
And not a man but seems to be
For beauty from mankind selected!

Weatherc. [*pointing in the opposite direction*]. What devils all! unless the ground
Should cleave asunder to receive them,
I'll fly from this place, with one bound,
To hell, or any where, to leave 'em.

Xenien. Small as insects, here we bring
Our little shears; the crops we gather
Will be a grateful offering
To Satan, our liege lord and father!

Hennings. What merry groups are crowding there!
Up to every frolic started;
And when they're gone—I won't say where—
We call them foolish, but good-hearted.

Musaget. Oh happy, happy bard! whom chance
To such a circle introduces.

With these I'd rather lead the dance
Than be Apollo with the muses.

Genius of the Old Times. Come, follow me through smooth and rough :
Cling close—there's little need of ceremony.
On Blocksberg we'll find room enough,
The wide Parnassus 'tis of Germany.

Inquisitive Traveller. What's yonder pompous fellow's name?
With long and solemn strides he's pacing,
And, like a dog that snuffs the game,
The Jesuits, methinks, he's tracing.

Crane. I seek my prey in waters clear,
I seek it in the troubled rivers;
This scene is my delight, for here
Are devils mixed with true believers.

Worldling. For true believers every thing
Works good in all ways unexpected ;
With hymns the Blocksberg rocks shall ring.
From many a convent here erected.

Dancer. Is this another company,
With trumpets sounding—banners glittering?
No; 'tis the boreal lights I see :
From marshes hear the booming bittern.

Dancing-master. Devils—how they fling and jump—
Through the figure flounce and scuffle;
Spite of wooden leg and hump,
How they caper, cut, and shuffle!

Fiddler. Hatred in every heart! the tone
Of Orpheus' lyre, with charm celestial,
Soothed brutes; to-night the bagpipe's drone
Tames into peace the blind and bestial!

Dogmatist. Well, I'll maintain it—spite of sneer,
Or argument, or gibe uncivil—
I see a thousand devils here,
Which proves the being of a devil.

Idealist. Imagination's power to-night
For my sensorium too intense is;
If I be all that meets my sight,
Then surely I have lost my senses.

Realist. Reality . . . is torturing me;
I'm wearied with this scene of wonder;
The ground—it seems the ground to be—
Gives way my tottering feet from under.

Supernaturalist. Here, for my system, as I rove,
Delighted I derive assistance;
If there be devils, it must prove
Of angels also the existence.

Sceptic. Misled they follow fairy rays,
That promise gold with gay delusion:
DEVIL and DOUBT, the proverb says,
And both increase to-night's confusion.

Leader of the Band. Grasshopper among the bushes,
Brown frog croaking from the rushes,
Hell and all its devils haunt ye,
Good-for-nothing dilettanti—
Pretty sort of harmony,
Nose of gnat and snout of fly.

Shrewd Fellows. Call us *Sans-souci*—for you know
That each of us, a gay philosopher,
If on his feet he cannot go,
Walks on his head, nor fears a toss over.

Awkward Clumsy Creatures. Oh once, Heaven help us! we could dance;
How pompously we then did swagger!
Now shoes out-worn, and sore feet torn,
Along the course we faintly stagger.

Will-o'-the-Wisps. From the sink and slough we come,
From the hole of steaming nitre;
And yet, in all this dazzling room,
Shine there sparks more gay or brighter?

Falling Star. Rapidly I shot from high,
With fiery course in brightness starry;

Here broken on the grass I lie,
With none to help me, none to carry.

Heavy Bodies. Places—places—round go we—
Where we dance how bare the sod is;
Spirits move, and all may see
Spirits have substantial bodies.

Puck. Like awkward elephants they thump
The ground with clumsy hoofs and heavy,
Strange shadows! Puck alone is plump,
The sleekest spirit at the levee.

Ariel. If wings be yours—boon Nature's gift—
And if the spirit so disposes,
Then follow Ariel—follow swift—
Your guide to yonder hill of roses.

Orchestra [*pianissimo*]. Daylight!—the cloud-built stage
—the wreaths
Of vapour,—where are they?
On reed and rush the free air breathes,
And sweeps the dream away.

A Gloomy Day.—*A Plain.*

Faust. In misery—in despair—long wandering in wretchedness over the wide world; and now taken up—shut up in the prison as a malefactor—this gentle, unhappy creature

—for horrid tortures. To this—and has it come to this? Treacherous, worthless Spirit! and this hast thou been concealing from me! Stand, there, stand! Ay! roll the devil eyes furiously round in thy head—ay! stand and defy me with thy unsupportable presence. Taken up—in distress irretrievable—given over to evil spirits—abandoned to —man—man that passes judgment, and is devoid of feeling; and all this, while you have been lulling and rocking me and deluding me among loathsome dissipations, and hiding from me her continually increasing wretchedness, and have left her to perish without help!

Meph. She is not the first!

Faust. Dog! abhorred monster! turn him, oh, thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the unthinking passer-by, and as he fell to fasten on his shoulders. Turn him again into his darling shape, that he may crouch upon his belly before me in the sand, and that I may trample upon him with my foot—the outcast! Not the first! Misery—misery —by no human soul is it to be fathomed how more than one creature should have sunk into the depths of this distress—that the first should not have suffered enough in her agonizing tortures to secure the atonement of all the rest before the eyes of the All-merciful! I feel marrow and life harrowed up by the misery of this one—only this one! thou art grinning calmly over the fate of thousands!

Meph. At our wits' end we are again, it would seem, already—just where you mortals find the overstrained faculties snap. Why seek our society, if you cannot go through with it? Think of flying, and yet art not proof against dizziness! Did we force ourselves upon thee? or thou thyself upon us?

Faust. Show not thy thirsty teeth thus defyingly—I loathe thee. Great, glorious Spirit! thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my very heart and; why hast thou chained me with this companion who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction?

Meph. Are you done?

Faust. Save her, or woe to thee! the most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years.

Meph. I cannot loosen the avenger's fetters—I cannot open his bolts. Save her! Who was it that threw her into ruin—I or thou? [FAUST *looks wildly around.*

Art thou grasping for the thunder? Well that it has not been given to you wretched mortals! To dash to pieces one who stands in your way—however innocent—that is just the tyrant's way of rescuing himself in every perplexity.

Faust. Take me thither—she shall be free!

Meph. The danger to which you expose yourself—have you thought of that? The guilt of blood shed by your hand still lies on the town. Over the place where the murder was committed avenging spirits are hovering and watching for the returning murderer.

Faust. That, too, and from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and set her at liberty.

Meph. I will,—and all I can do I will. What that all is, listen till I tell you. Have *I* all power in heaven and on earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses. Do you possess yourself of the keys, and carry her off with human hand. Meanwhile I watch; the magic horses are ready, and I take you away. This much I can do.

Faust. Up and away!

NIGHT.—*Open Plain.*

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along on Black Horses.*

Faust. What are the figures near the gibbet doing?
Weaving, 'twould seem!

Meph. No—rather boiling, brewing
Some filthy broth—mumbling some incantation.

Faust. East they move, and west they move—now kneel, now bend down in prostration.

Meph. Witches worshipping their master.

Faust. They scatter something on the earth, and now seem pouring a libation—
They sprinkle something in the air.

Meph. Forward! forward!—faster! faster!

PRISON.

Faust [*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*]. 'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.
Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,
More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
And here within these damp walls doth she live,
And is to die because she was deluded—
To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.
And thou dost hesitate to go to her!
Dost fear to look upon that face again!
Onward, irresolute!—this wavering
Delays not death.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing from within.*

SONG.

My mother! my mother!
The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me.
My father, inhuman, for supper hath ta'en me—
My little sister hath, one by one,
Laid together each small white bone,
'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool;
And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
Fly away, fly away, all the long summer-day,
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!

Faust [*opening the wicket*]. She feels not that her love is listening—

Hear the chains, as they clank, and the straw rustling.

[*He enters.*

Marg. [*hiding her face in the straw of her bed*]. Woe! woe! they come! they come!—death, bitter death!

Faust [*in a low voice*]. Hush! hush! 'tis I who come to rescue thee!

Marg. [*rolling herself at his feet*]. Art thou a man? Have pity upon me.

Faust. Hush! hush! these screams and shrieks will wake the keepers. [*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

Marg. [*throwing herself on her knees to him*]. Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?

It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!
Is it too long a time to wait till morn? [*She stands up.*
And I am still so young—so very young!
And must I die so soon?—and I was fair—
And I was fair, and that was my undoing.
Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—
Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—
Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—
Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee:
Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!
Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

Faust. I must—I must endure this misery!

Marg. I know that I am wholly in thy power—
Only permit me first to give my breast
To this poor child of mine: all the long night

I hugged it to my heart, they took it from me;
They took away my child to torture me,
And now they say that I have murdered it,
And never never more shall I be happy:
And they sing songs about me—*'twas ill done;*
It was ill done—so the old ballad runs.
Who told them I was meant in it?

Faust [*throws himself down*]. A lover, Margaret, lies at thy feet;

He comes to undo these bonds—unloose these fetters.

Marg. [*throws herself beside him.*] Let us kneel down, and call upon the saints.

See! see! beneath us hell boils up—the devil
Is raving there below in hideous din!

Faust [*aloud*]. Margaret—Margaret.

Marg. [*with eager attention*]. That is my love's voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off.*

Where is he?—Where?—I heard my own love's voice!
Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.
I'll clasp his neck—will lean upon his bosom;
I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—
I heard him call the name of Margaret;—
Amid the noises and the howls of hell,
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice!

Faust. 'Tis I.

Marg. 'Tis thou !—oh, tell me so once more !

[*Presses him to her bosom.*

Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now?
Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they?
'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.
I am already free : look—there's the street
Where we first met—where first I saw my love—
And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,
Where I and Martha waited to receive thee.

Faust [*striving to take her away*]. Come, come with me.

Marg. Oh, stay a little while—
Some moments more—I love to stay with thee !

[*Caressing him.*

Faust. Haste—haste—a moment lost we dearly rue it.

Marg. So short a time away from me, my love,
Already hast forgotten how to kiss !
Why do I feel so sad upon your neck?
Time was all heaven was pressing down upon me
In all thy words,—in every look of thine,
Yes, very heaven,—and then, then you did kiss me
As if you would smother me with your kisses !
Kiss me—now kiss me, love—or I kiss thee !

[*She embraced him.*

Ah me ! you lips are cold—are dumb—are dead—
Where are my kisses, where? with whom have you left them?

Where is my love? who robbed me of your love?

[*Turns from him.*

Faust. Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.
I love thee with unutterable love;
But follow me,—this one—this one request.

Marg. [*turning to him*]. And is it thou, and is it thou indeed?

Faust. Yes, yes! But come!

Marg. And do you break my chains!
And do you take me to your heart again!
How is it you do not shudder at my sight?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

Faust. Come!—the deep night is fading fast away.

Marg. My mother, I have murdered her—my child,
I drowned my child—Oh was it not a gift
To thee and me?—yes thee! yes, thine! and thou art here,
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.
Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—
Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!
What hast thou done? Put up the bloody sword;
I pray thee do.

Faust. Oh think not of the past;
That which is done, is done. You are killing me.

Marg. No, you must live. No, you have to remain,
I will describe to you the graves which you
To-morrow must see made; the best place give
To my poor mother—near her lay my brother—

And by their side, a little space away,
But not too far from them must be my place—
And lay the little one on my right breast;
No other will lie with me in that bed!
To nestle down in quiet side by side
To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—
A happy thing that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace;
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

Faust. Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

Marg. What? out there?

Faust. Yes! out into the free air.

Marg. Ay, to the grave—does not death lurk without?
Come to the bed of everlasting rest—
Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—
Are you going, Henry? may I go with you?

Faust. Come, come; the gates are open, only come.

Marg. I dare not go; there is no help for me.
What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

Faust. I will be with thee.

Marg. [*wildly*]. Fly, fly,

Save thy poor child;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood;
Then turn to the left,
And over the plank,
It lies in the pond.
Loiter not, linger not.
Still does it stir
With the motion of life.
The little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue! Oh rescue!

Faust. Recall thy wandering mind—be calm! be calm!
One step, and you are free.

Marg. Oh, that we had but left that hill behind!
See there, my mother sitting on a stone—
Icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.
My mother there is sitting on a stone,
And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes
Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head
Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were!
It was a happy time!

Faust. She listens not;

Words have no weight with her. There is no way,
But forcibly to bear thee hence.

Marg. Touch me not; no, I will not suffer violence:
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp; whate'er
I did was done for thee, my love. I did
Every thing my love asked me, willingly.

Faust. Day dawns—oh, hasten hence, my love! my love!

Marg. Day! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;
My bridal-day it should have been; tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas! my garland is already withered;
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,
The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands;
The bell hath sounded; the death-wand is broken;
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on:
On to the scaffold they have hurried me;
Down in the chair of blood they fasten me:
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is now as silent as the grave!

Faust. Oh, that I never had been born!

Meph. [*appears at the door*]. Away, or you are lost;
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,
Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
Of the grey morning.

Marg. What shape is that which rises from the earth?
'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place;
What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me.

Faust. Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

Marg. Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. [*to Faust*]. Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

Marg. Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child.
Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.
Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

Meph. Come—she is judged!

Voice [*from above*]. Is saved.

Meph. [*to Faust*]. Hither to me!

[*Disappears with* FAUST.

Voice [*from within, dying away*]. Henry! Henry!

THE END.

BALLANTYNE PRESS: LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons'

LIST OF

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Two Entirely New Copyright Volumes of Essays by the late R. W. Emerson. 5*s.* each.

An Entirely New Complete Copyright Edition of the Writings of R. W. Emerson. With Original Notes to all the Volumes by his LITERARY EXECUTORS. In Six Volumes. 5*s.* each.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S LAST POEM—COPYRIGHT.

Michael Angelo. By the late H. W. LONGFELLOW. With 17 full-page Original Illustrations and 20 Woodcuts, specially designed for this work. 184 pp. 4to, cloth, gilt edges. 21*s.*

A New Edition of the Works of W. H. Prescott. In 15 Vols. Crown 8vo, cloth. £2 12*s.* 6*d.*

Men of the Time. The Eleventh Edition, Revised to 1883. Crown 8vo, cloth. 15*s.*

Shakspere. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. With 340 Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. Super-royal 8vo, cloth. 15*s.*

The Imperial Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. 1,000 pages, with 500 Woodcuts. Super-royal 8vo, cloth. 15*s.*

The Cream of Leicestershire: Eleven Seasons' Skimmings, Notable Runs, and Incidents of the Chase. By Captain PENNELL-ELMHIRST ("Brooksby"). With Illustrations (Coloured and Plain) by JOHN STURGESS, and Portraits and Map. Medium 8vo, cloth. 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Birthday Book of Flower and Song. Edited by ALICIA A. LEITH. With full-page Illustrations printed in colours. 4to, cloth, gilt edges. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A New Large-Type Edition of Professor Henry Morley's Edition of "The Spectator." 800 pp. in each Volume. In 3 Vols. Crown 8vo, cloth. *10s. 6d.*

The Works of William Hogarth. By JOHN IRELAND. With 88 Copper-Plate Engravings. Super-royal 8vo, cloth. *10s. 6d.*

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. Author's New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition, printed from new American Electrotype Plates, on highly finished paper. Crown 8vo, cloth. *7s. 6d.*

A Dictionary of Statistics. Edited by M. G. MULHALL. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.* Roxburghe.

Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century. By ROBERT ROUTLEDGE, B.Sc., F.C.S. With 400 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges. New and Cheaper Edition. *7s. 6d.*

A Popular History of Science. By ROBERT ROUTLEDGE, B.Sc., F.C.S. With 333 Illustrations and full-page Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges. New and Cheaper Edition. *7s. 6d.*

The Homes and Haunts of the British Poets. By WILLIAM HOWITT. With Portraits and Illustrations. *7s. 6d.*

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1884. With many Illustrations and 13 Coloured Plates. Twenty-second year of Publication. *6s.*

Routledge's Every Girl's Annual for 1884. With many Illustrations and 12 Coloured Plates. Sixth Year of Publication. *6s.*

The Circus and Menagerie Book. Printed in Colours. Fancy Boards, *6s.*

The Imperial Natural History Picture Book. With 80 full-page Illustrations. *5s.* (And in boards, *3s.* 6d.)

Little Wideawake for 1884. By Mrs. SALE BARKER. With Original Plain and Coloured Illustrations, by M. E. EDWARDS, M. KERNS, CHARLOTTE WEEKS, and others. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges. *5s.* (And in boards, *3s. 6d.*)

The Boy's Playbook of Science. By Professor J. H. PEPPER. With 400 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. *5s.*

The Playbook of Metals. By JOHN HENRY PEPPER. With 300 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. *5s.*

The Young Lady's Book: A Manual of Amusements, Exercises, Studies, and Pursuits. Edited by Mrs. HENRY MACKARNESS. With 270 Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. *5s.*

Notable Voyages: From Columbus to Parry. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Illustrations. 5*s.*

Great African Travellers: From Mungo Park to Livingstone and Stanley. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Map and Illustrations. 5*s.*

Travelling About Over New and Old Ground. By Lady BARKER. With Maps and Illustrations. 5*s.*

Modern Magic: A Practical Treatise on the Art of Conjuring. By Professor HOFFMANN. With 318 Illustrations. 5*s.*

The Practical Family Lawyer. By W. A. HOLDSWORTH. Barrister-at-Law. A New and Revised Edition, embodying all the Legal Changes to June, 1883. 5*s.*

A New Volume of Randolph Caldecott's Picture Books, containing his four latest Shilling Toy Books. 5*s.*

Lamb's Tales From Shakspeare. With Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. Cloth gilt, 5*s.* (And in boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Dodd's Beauties of Shakspeare. With Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. Cloth gilt, 5*s.* (And in boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Robinson Crusoe. With Portrait and 100 Illustrations by J. D. WATSON. Cloth gilt, 5*s.* (And in boards, 3s. 6*d.*)

KATE GREENAWAY'S NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.

Little Ann, and Other Poems. By JANE and ANN TAYLOR. With Original Illustrations, by KATE GREENAWAY. Printed in Colours, by EDMUND EVANS. 5*s.*

Mano: A Poetical History of the Time of the Close of the Tenth Century, concerning the Adventures of a Norman Knight. By RICHARD WATSON DIXON, Vicar of Hayton, Hon. Canon of Carlisle. 5*s.*

Little Tiny's Book. With many Illustrations. Fcap. 4to, cloth. 5s. (And in boards, 3*s.*)

King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. By HENRY FRITH. With 50 Illustrations, by F. A. FRASER. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Robin Hood: Ballads and Songs. Collected by JOSEPH RITSON. With 50 Original Illustrations, by GORDON BROWNE. (*Red Line Poets.*) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Hemans's Poems. A New Edition. With 50 Illustrations, by HAL LUDLOW. (*Red Line Poets.*) 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Poems of James Russell Lowell. (*Red Line Poets.*) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Longfellow's Poems. New Edition, re-set from new type, containing Eighty-six Copyright Poems. With 83 Illustrations in the Text by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and other Artists. (*Red Line Poets.*) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Old Wives' Fables. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE. With many Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Routledge's Juvenile Books for Boys. New Volumes. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Boys. By Lady BARKER.

Hunting Grounds of the Whole World. By the OLD SHEKARRY.

Ascents and Adventures: A Record of Hardy Mountaineering. By HENRY FRITH.

Mayrick's Promise; or, Little Fugitives from the Jamaica Rebellion in 1865. By E. C. PHILLIPS.

Holiday Stories for Boys and Girls. By Lady BARKER.

Foxholme Hall. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

With the Colours. By R. M. JEPHSON.

The Roll of the Drum. By R. M. JEPHSON.

Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of His Shipwreck. Edited by JANE PORTER.

Perrault's Fairy Tales. Translated by J. R. PLANCHÉ.

D'Aulnoy's Fairy Tales. Translated by J. R. PLANCHÉ.

The Bible Emblem Anniversary Book. With 365 Illustrations by WILLIAM FOSTER. Printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. 3*s.* 6*d.* (And in boards, 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Phiz's Toy Book. With 44 pages of Coloured Plates. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Boards, 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Routledge's Young Ladies' Library. New Volumes. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Old House in the Square. By ALICE WEBER.

The Asheldon Schoolroom. By the Author of "Jeanette," &c.

Tempest-Tossed, the Story of Seejungfer. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori."

The Doctor's Little Daughter. By ELIZA METEYARD.

Schoolgirls all the World Over. With numerous Illustrations.

Mark Dennison's Charge. By G. M. CRAIK.

Dora and Her Papa. By ELIZA METEYARD.

Lord Brabourne's Fairy Tales. New and Cheaper Edition. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Stories for My Children. | Ferdinand's Adventure.

ROUTLEDGE'S STANDARD LIBRARY,

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

1 The Arabian Nights, Unabridged, 8 plates.
2 Don Quixote, Unabridged.
3 Gil Blas, Adventures of, Unabridged.
4 Curiosities of Literature, by Isaac D'Israeli, Complete Edition.
5 A Thousand and One Gems of British Poetry.
6 The Blackfriars Shakspere, edited by Charles Knight.
7 Cruden's Concordance, by Carey.
8 Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.
9 The Works of Oliver Goldsmith.
11 The Family Doctor, 500 woodcuts.
12 Sterne's Works, Complete.
13 Ten Thousand Wonderful Things.
14 Extraordinary Popular Delusions, by Dr. Mackay.
16 Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.
17 The Spectator, by Addison, &c. Unabridged.
18 Routledge's Modern Speaker—Comic—Serious—Dramatic.
19 One Thousand and One Gems of Prose, edited by C. Mackay.
20 Pope's Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.
23 Josephus, translated by Whiston.
24 Book of Proverbs, Phrases, Quotations, and Mottoes.
25 The Book of Modern Anecdotes—Theatrical, Legal, and American.
26 Book of Table Talk, W. C. Russell.
27 Junius, Woodfall's edition.
28 Charles Lamb's Works.
29 Froissart's Chronicles. [mation.
30 D'Aubigne's Story of the Refor-
31 A History of England, by the Rev. James White.
32 Macaulay—Selected Essays, Miscellaneous Writings.
33 Carleton's Traits, 1st series.
34 ——— 2nd series.
35 Essays by Sydney Smith.
36 Dante. Longfellow's translation.
51 Prescott's Biographical and Critical Essays.
52 Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 1807-10. 53 —— 1810-12.
54 White's Natural History of Selborne, with many illustrations.
55 Dean Milman's History of the Jews.
56 Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.
57 Chaucer's Poetical Works.
58 Longfellow's Prose Works.
59 Spenser's Poetical Works.
60 Asmodeus, by Le Sage.
61 Book of British Ballads, S. C. Hall.
62 Plutarch's Lives (Langhorne's ed.
64 Book of Epigrams, W. D. Adams.
65 Longfellow's Poems (Comp. ed.)
66 Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.
67 Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations.
68 Father Prout's Works, edited by C. Kent.
69 Carleton's Traits and Stories. Complete in one volume.
70 Walker's Rhyming Dictionary.
71 Macfarlane's Hist. of British India.
72 Defoe's Journal of the Plague and the Great Fire of London, with illustrations on steel by George Cruikshank.
73 Glimpses of the Past, by C. Knight.
74 Michaud's History of the Crusades, vol. 1.
75 ——— vol. 2. 76 ——— vol. 3.
77 A Thousand and One Gems of Song, edited by C. Mackay.
78 Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. [Complete.
79 Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella,
80 ———Conquest of Mexico. Comp.
81 ——— Conquest of Peru. Comp.
82 ——— Charles the Fifth.
83 ——— Philip the Second. Vols. 1 and 2 in 1 vol.
84 ———Vol. 3 and Essays in 1 vol.
85 Jeremy Taylor's Life of Christ.
86 Traditions of Lancashire, by John Roby, vol. 1. 87 —— vol. 2.
88 "The Breakfast Table Series"—The Autocrat—The Professor—The Poet—by Oliver Wendell Holmes, with steel portrait.
89 Romaine's Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith.
90 Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 1812-14. [tion.
91 Hawker's Poor Man's Daily Por-
92 Chevreul on Colour, with 8 coloured plates.
93 Shakspere, edited by C. Knight, large type edition, with full-page illustrations, vol. 1.
94 ——— vol. 2. 95 —— vol. 3.
96 The Spectator, large type ed., vol. 1.
97 —— vol. 2. 98 —— vol. 3.
99 R. W. Emerson's Complete Works.
100 Boswell's Life of Johnson and Tour to the Hebrides, vol. 1.
101 —— vol. 2. 102 —— vol. 3.
103 S. Knowles' Dramatic Works.
104 Roscoe's (W.) Lorenzo de Medici.
105 ——— (W.) Life of Leo X., vol. 1.
106 ——— vol. 2.
107 Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages.